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A series intended to create and foster a taste for good reading

CHOICE LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY

SHERMAN WILLIAMS

FORMERLY SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, GLENS FALLS, N.Y.

BUTLER, SHELDON & COMPANY

NEW YORK PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO BOSTON

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PREFACE

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said, "To teach a child to read, and not to teach it what to read, is to put a dangerous weapon into its hands."

There can be no doubt as to the truth of this statement. High schools now very generally have courses in reading and literature; but the great majority of pupils never reach the high school, and those who do have formed a taste for reading before that period, very often a taste for reading that is decidedly bad, and only occasionally for that which is really excellent, so that in this particular the work of the high school becomes largely that of reformation, instead of formation, a very difficult work that need not have been necessary.

This procedure utterly ignores the needs, so far as the study of literature is concerned, of ninety per cent of the pupils, and begins the work too late with the others. To some extent desultory work is being done in many primary and grammar schools, through the use of supplementary readers; but this cannot be very effective in forming a taste for good reading, because the expense necessary to provide a sufficient amount and variety of books will be so great that few schools can meet it, and still fewer will. Too often the supplementary readers used are intended merely to furnish information. As the result of this condition of affairs, with the exception of here and there a school, no effective effort is being made to create and

foster a taste for good literature in grades below the high school. Much supplementary reading is being done, but there seems to be no clearly defined plan, no definite end aimed at.

This is probably due to the fact that there has been no series of readers well adapted to the carrying on of this work. The compiler of this series has attempted to meet this want. The selections are carefully made and graded, and are believed to be those suited to the age and maturity of the pupils for whom they are intended. They are all good of their kind, and it is believed that the selection of trashy matter on the one hand, or matter beyond the comprehension of the pupils on the other, has been avoided.

Each volume of the series has been made with a definite purpose in view, and in each will appear a brief statement in regard to the selections made and the end aimed at. There will be such notes and explanations as seem to be necessary. This series can be used to excellent advantage in teaching children how to read, but it should be borne in mind that the primary purpose of the series is to teach what to read, to create and foster a taste for good literature; therefore many selections for which room cannot be found, will be suggested, to aid in directing the out of school reading of the pupils. It is hoped that the teachers will encourage pupils to form little libraries of their own. Many suggestions will be made that will aid in such work.

The selections from Frank Dempster Sherman, Celia Thaxter, and Phœbe Cary are made by arrangement with, and permission of, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

TO THE READER

THE compiler of this series believes that children should be trained to read and love poetry at an early age. For this reason the first book of the series has many selections from the Mother Goose melodies, because of their perfect rhythm, which is the thing in poetry that first attracts children. In the present volume are many poems, most of them simple, which children can easily be led to love.

It is hoped that many of the poems will be committed to memory. This will do much to form literary taste, and some one has said that "the end of learning is to read great books."

It may be felt that some of the selections are difficult and that new words are introduced too rapidly. Those who have this feeling may introduce the book higher in the grades. It is the experience of the compiler that children will acquire a reading vocabulary rapidly if given a chance. When one remembers how soon children, favorably circumstanced, acquire a speaking vocabulary with little or no assistance, it ought to suggest the possibilities in acquiring a reading vocabulary.

It should be remembered also that strength and ability to do any work easily and well come from practice, at the outset from practicing that which is done neither easily nor well.

The compiler has noticed that teachers are too fond of doing what may be termed "dealing with the finished

product," that is, having the children read that which they can read well, to show what they can do, rather than reading that which is difficult in order to learn to do such reading. It is clear that neither plan should be followed exclusively.

The reading lesson should be studied as well as any other. Sight reading is good for a test exercise, but there is something for the pupil to do in the way of preparation in the reading lesson, and because this fact is not generally recognized and the preparation insisted upon, we get poorer results in reading than in any other subject.

There must be interest in the matter read, and the experience of the compiler, extending over many years, has shown that it is easier to arouse interest in matter worth reading than in the mere twaddle with which so many readers have been largely made up; hence the attempt to arrange in a series of books the selections which have pleased and profited children in the ordinary course of school work. The books are the outgrowth of experience, not theory.

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"I PITY the boy or the girl who must grow up without having made intimate acquaintance with 'Mother Goose' and the wonderful stories of 'Jack the Giant Killer,' and 'Bluebeard,' and 'Cinderella,' and those other strange tales as old as the race itself, and yet new to every succeeding generation. They are all a part of the inheritance of the English-speaking people, and belong, as a kind of birthright, to every intelligent child." — *Robert Collyer.*

CHOICE LITERATURE

Book II

FOR PRIMARY GRADES

DAISIES

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Frank Dempster Sherman was born in Peekskill, N. Y., in 1860. You will be especially interested in his "Little Folk Lyrics" from which this and the other selections from his writings in this volume are taken.

AT evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white,
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
She is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

A DEWDROP

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LITTLE drop of dew,
Like a gem you are;
I believe that you
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,
On the grass you lie;
Tell me then at night
Are you in the sky?

THE WATER DROPS

ANONYMOUS

SOME little drops of water,
Whose home was in the sea,
To go upon a journey
Once happened to agree.

A cloud they had for carriage,
  They drove a playful breeze,
And over town and country
  They rode along at ease.

But oh! they were so many,
  At last the carriage broke,
And to the ground came tumbling
  These frightened little folk.

And through the moss and grasses
  They were compelled to roam,
Until a brooklet found them,
  And carried them all home.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR

JANE TAYLOR

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Jane Taylor was born in England in 1783. Among her writings were "Hymns for Infant Minds" and "Original Poems." You will not be likely to meet with any of her prose writings.

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star!
  How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
And the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then, if I were in the dark,
I would thank you for your spark.
I could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep;
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveler in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

LITTLE THINGS

ANONYMOUS

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

Thus our little errors
  Lead the soul away
From the path of virtue,
  Off in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
  Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden,
  Like the heaven above.

THE SWING

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Mr. Stevenson was born in Scotland in 1850. He wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," from which this selection is taken; also "Treasure Island," which some have called the best boy's book yet written. He has written also many novels, travels, criticisms, and essays.

HOW do you like to go up in a swing,
  Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
  Ever a child can do.

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
Rivers and trees and cattle, and all
Over the countryside —

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown —
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down.

— From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

BABY BYE

THEODORE TILTON

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Mr. Tilton was born in New York in 1835. This little poem became very popular. He has written little else that you will care to read now. He was a journalist, a popular lecturer, and wrote much.

BABY bye, here's a fly,
Let us watch him, you and I.
How he crawls up the walls,
Yet he never falls!
I believe, with those six legs,
You and I could walk on eggs.
There he goes, on his toes,
Tickling baby's nose.

Spots of red dot his head;
Rainbows on his wings are spread!
That small speck is his neck,
See him nod and beck!
I can show you, if you choose,
Where to look to find his shoes;
Three small pairs, made of hairs,
These he always wears.

Black and brown is his gown,
He can wear it upside down!
It is laced round his waist,
I admire his taste!
Pretty as his clothes are made,
He will spoil them, I'm afraid,
If to-night he gets sight
Of the candle light.

In the sun webs are spun,
What if he gets into one?
When it rains he complains
On the window panes.
Tongues to talk have you and I,
God has given the little fly
No such things; so he sings
With his buzzing wings.

He can eat bread and meat,
See his mouth between his feet!
On his back is a sack
Like a peddler's pack.
Does the baby understand?
Then the fly shall kiss her hand;
Put a crumb on her thumb,
Maybe he will come.

Round and round on the ground,
On the ceiling he is found:
Catch him? No. Let him go.
Never hurt him so!
Now you see his wings of silk
Drabbled in the baby's milk,
Fie! oh, fie! foolish fly!
How will you get dry?

All wet flies twist their thighs;
So they wipe their head and eyes,
Cats, you know, wash just so;
Then their whiskers grow!
Flies have hair too small to comb;
Flies go all bareheaded home;
But the gnat wears a hat:
Do you laugh at that?

Flies can see more than we,
So how bright their eyes must be!
Little fly, mind your eye,
Spiders are near by.
For a secret I can tell,
Spiders will not treat you well;
Haste away, do not stay,
Little fly, good day!

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

GRIMM BROTHERS

A DONKEY who had carried sacks to the mill for his master for many long years, felt his strength fail at last, so that he could no longer work for a living. His master thought of getting rid of his old servant, so that he might save the expense of his food. The donkey, learning of this, made up his mind to run away.

So he took the road to Bremen, where he had often heard the street band playing, for he thought he could be as musical as they.

He had not gone far when he saw a hound lying on the ground gasping for breath, as if he were tired from running.

"Why are you panting so, friend?" asked the donkey.

"Ah," he replied, "now that I am old, and get weaker and weaker each day, I can go to the hunt no more, and my master has ordered me to be killed, so I have run away; but I don't know how I am to earn my living."

"Will you go with me?" said the donkey. "Do you know, I am going to be a street musician in Bremen? I think you and I can easily earn a living by music. I can play the lute and you can beat the drum."

The dog agreed, and so they walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road with a face as dismal as three days of rainy weather.

"Now what has come across you, old whiskers?" said the donkey.

"How can one be merry when one has a collar on?" said the cat. "I am getting old; my teeth have become stumps; I cannot catch mice; I like to lie behind the stove and pur; but I found they were going to drown me and my wife, so I ran away as fast as I could. Now what am I to do?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey; "you are used to night music, I know, so you can easily become a street musician in the town."

"With all my heart," said the cat. So he went on with them.

After traveling some distance they came to a farm-yard, and on a gate stood a cock screaming with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and screaming so?" said the donkey.

"I will tell you," replied the cock. "I heard the cook say there is company coming on Sunday, and that she will want me to put in the soup. So this evening my head will be cut off, and I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey; "would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and you will find something better there than to be made into soup. You have a fine voice, and we are all musical."

The cock fell in with this, and all four went on together.

However, they could not reach Bremen in one day; it grew dark just as they entered a wood, so they decided to stay there all night.

The donkey and the dog lay down under a large tree, the cat went up into the branches, and the cock flew to the top where he felt quite safe.

The cock, being up so high, saw far away a little spark of light and called to the others, saying he was sure that there was a house where the light was.

"Then," said the donkey, "we must go on, for this may offer a place of rest for us."

The hound said he would be glad of a little piece of meat, or a couple of bones, if he could get nothing else.

Very soon they were on their way toward the place where the light was seen. It grew larger and brighter as they came near. They found that it came from the window of a robbers' cave. The donkey, who was tallest, went near and looked in.

"What is to be seen, old gray horse?" said the cock.

"What do I see?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and the robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the cock.

"Yes, yes," the donkey replied; "if we were only inside."

Then the animals agreed as to what they should do to drive the robbers away. The donkey was to stand on his hind legs and place his fore feet on the window sill, and the dog to stand on his back. The cat was then to climb on the dog, and, above them all, the cock promised to fly and perch on the cat's head.

As soon as this was done, at a given signal, they all began to perform their music together. The donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed,

and the cock crowed, and with such force that the window rattled.

The robbers, hearing such a horrible outcry, were frightened and fled in terror to the woods. Then the four animals rushed in and took what the robbers had left, and ate as if they had been hungry for a month.

When they had finished they went to rest in the best places they could find. The donkey lay down in the yard, the dog behind the door, the cat rolled herself up on the hearth, while the cock perched on a beam in the roof. They were so tired from their journey that soon they were all asleep.

Not long after one of the robbers, seeing that the light was out and that all was quiet, told his chief, who said, "I do not think there has been any cause for fear, after all."

Then he called one of the men and sent him to the house to see if it was all right.

The man found it quiet, and went into the kitchen to strike a light, and seeing the fiery eyes of the cat that looked like a live coal, he held a match toward them to light it, when the cat flew up, spit at him, and scratched his face. This scared him so that he ran for the door, but the dog who lay there sprang at him and bit him in the leg as he went by. In the yard he ran against the donkey, who gave him a

kick, and the cock on the beam cried out as loudly as he could, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The robber ran back to his chief as fast as he could go. "There is a horrible witch in that house," he said. "She flew at me and scratched my face with her fingers. A man stood by the door and stabbed me in the leg with a knife as I passed; in the yard lay a black monster who struck me a terrible blow with his wooden leg; and on the roof sat the judge, who cried out, 'Bring the scoundrels here!' At that I ran away as fast as possible."

After this the robbers never dared to enter the house again, and the four musicians found themselves in such a good place that they would not leave, and the last that was heard of them they were still there.

SNOW-WHITE AND RED-ROSE

GRIMM BROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there lived in a lonely cottage, surrounded by a garden, a poor widow. In the garden grew two rose trees, one of which bore white roses, the other red.

Now the widow had two daughters, who so much resembled the rose bushes that she gave to one the name of Snow-white, and to the other, Red-rose.

These two children were the best, the most obedient, and the most industrious children in the world; yet they differed in some respects. Snow-white was quiet and gentle, Red-rose fond of running about the fields and meadows in search of flowers and butterflies.

Snow-white would often stay at home with her mother, help her with the housework, and then read to her after it was done. The two children were very fond of each other, and whenever they walked out together they would hold each other's hands, and when Snow-white would say, "We will never leave each other," her sister would reply, "No, never, as long as we live."

The mother encouraged this; she would often say, "Whatever nice things are given to either of you must be shared with the other," and the sisters always did so.

They frequently rambled together alone in the wood to gather berries; but not a creature ever did them any harm, although wild animals often passed them; they seemed to have such confidence in the sisters that they were quite friendly with them.

The little hares would eat cabbage leaves out of their hands, the deer would graze by their side, the stag bound merrily near, while the birds would remain sitting and singing on the branches.

No danger ever threatened them, even if they

staid in the forest till late, or after nightfall. They would lie down on the mossy bed and sleep safely till morning, and their mother knew that there was no cause for fear.

Once, when they had remained in the wood all night, they did not wake till the rising sun had reddened the eastern sky, and, as they opened their eyes, they saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining. When he saw they were awake, he looked kindly at them, and, without a word, vanished from their sight.

On rising they found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a steep rock, down which they must have fallen had they moved in the dark. When they told their mother this, she said it must have been one of the guardian angels who watch over good children.

Snow-white and Red-rose kept their mother's cottage so neat and clean that it was a pleasure to look at it. Every morning in summer Red-rose took care always to place a bouquet of fresh flowers by her mother's bed, in which was a flower from each of the rose trees. In winter Snow-white lighted the fire, filled the kettle, and placed it over the bright blaze, where it shone and glittered like gold; for it was of burnished copper, and was always kept brightly polished.

In the evening, when the snow was falling, and the door closed and locked, they would seat themselves round the fire, in the bright, snug little room, and knit busily, while their mother would put on her spectacles and read to them out of the Good Book.

One evening they were sitting in this peaceful happiness, with a pet lamb sleeping on the hearth near them, and above them, on a perch, a white dove, with its head under its wing.

Presently came a knock at the door, and the mother said, "Red-rose, open it quickly; no doubt some poor traveler, lost in the snow, wants shelter." Red-rose hastened to obey; but, on opening the door, instead of the poor man she expected to see, a great bear pushed his great black head in.

Red-rose screamed aloud, and started back; the lamb bleated; the dove flew wildly about the room; and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed.

The bear, however, began to speak very gently. "Do not fear," said he; "I will not hurt you. I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear!" said the mother. "Come and lie down by the fire if you want to; but take care not to burn your furry coat."

Then she called out: "Snow-white and Red-rose,

come here. The bear is quite gentle; he will do you no harm."

So they both came near to the fire, and by degrees the dove and the lamb got over their fright, and settled themselves to sleep. Presently the bear said, "Dear children, will you sweep the snow off from my fur?"

So they got the broom and cleaned the bear's skin till it looked quite smooth, and then he stretched himself at full length before the fire, grunting now and then to show how comfortable and contented he was. In a very short time they lost all fear of their unexpected guest, and even began to play with him. They jumped on his back, and rolled him over on the floor, and tapped him with a hazel twig, pulled his thick fur, and when he growled they only laughed.

The bear allowed them to do as they liked, only saying, when they were too rough with him, "Leave me my life, dear children, and don't quite kill your old sweetheart."

When bedtime came, the mother said to him: "You can stay here by the fire all night if you like. I will not turn you out in this dreadful weather, and here you will at least be sheltered from the cold."

In the morning, when they all rose, the two children let him out, and he trotted away over the snow into the wood.

After that he came each evening at the same hour, laid himself out on the hearth, and allowed the children to play with him just as they pleased. They became so used to his visits that no one thought of bolting the door till his black muzzle was pushed in. The winter passed, and the spring was again covering the meadows and the forest trees with her robe of green, when one morning the bear said to Snow-white, "I am going away now during the summer, and you will not see me again till the end of autumn."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must go to the forest," he replied, "to hide my treasures from those wicked dwarfs. In the winter these treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now, when the sun has warmed and softened the ground, it is easy for them to break it and dig up what I have buried, and when once anything valuable is in their hands it is not easy to recover it. They will take care that it does not see daylight again."

Snow-white felt quite sorrowful when the bear said good-by, but as he passed out of the door the latch caught his fur and tore a little piece off. Snow-white thought she saw something glittering like gold under the skin, but she was not sure, for the bear trotted

away very quickly, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

Some time after this the mother sent the children into the forest to gather brushwood, and they found a large tree which had fallen to the ground. As they stood looking at it they saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk, but they could not think what it was till they went nearer, and then they saw a little dwarf with a shriveled face, whose long white beard had been caught in a cleft of the tree. The dwarf was jumping about like a puppy at the end of a string, but he could not get free. He glared at the children with his red fiery eyes, and cried, "Why are you standing there staring, instead of offering to help me?"

"Poor little man," said Red-rose; "how did you do this?"

"You stupid goose!" he replied angrily, "I wanted to split up the tree that I might get some shavings for our cooking. A great coal fire burns up our little dinners and suppers; we do not cram ourselves with food as your greedy people do. I drove my wedge into the tree and it seemed all right, but the horrid thing was so slippery that it sprung out again suddenly, and the tree closed so quickly that it caught my long white beard, and now holds it so fast that I cannot get it out.

"See how the white milk-faced creatures laugh!" he shouted. "Oh, but you are ugly!"

In spite of his bitter words and sour looks the children wished to help him, and they went to him and tried to pull out the beard, but could not.

"I will run home and call somebody," said Red-rose.

"What!" snarled the dwarf, "send for more people! Why, there are too many here already, you sheep-headed madcaps!"

"Don't be impatient," said Snow-white; "I think we can manage to release you."

She took her scissors out of her pocket as she spoke and cut the dwarf's beard off close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was he at liberty than he caught hold of a bag full of gold which was lying among the roots, grumbling all the time about the dreadful children who had cut off his beard, a loss which nothing could repay. He then swung the bag across his shoulders and went away without one word of thanks to the children for helping him.

Some time after this Snow-white and Red-rose went out one day to catch fish. As they sat fishing on the banks of a stream they saw something like a large grasshopper jumping about as if it were going to jump in the water. They ran forward and found the dwarf.

"What are you doing here?" asked Red-rose. "Why do you wish to jump into the water?"

"Do you think I am such a fool as that?" he cried. "Don't you see that this dreadful fish is dragging me?"

The little man had been fishing, but the wind had caught his beard and tangled it with the line, so that when a large fish took the bait, he could not hold the fish or get his beard from the line, and the fish was dragging him into the water. He held tightly by the reeds and rushes that grew on the bank, but with very little use, and the children were only just in time to save him from being dragged into the water. They both pulled him back with all their might, but so long as his beard was entangled with the line their efforts were useless. The only way to save him was to cut off his beard, and this time it took so much of it that only a short piece remained.

Although they saved his life in this way, the dwarf was in a dreadful rage; he screamed out: "Is this your custom, you wretches! to disfigure people's faces in this way? Not satisfied with cutting off a large piece the other day, you must now cut off nearly all! I dare not show myself such a fright as this. I wish you were obliged to run till you had lost the soles of your shoes!"

He lifted a bag of pearls which he had hidden among the rushes, and, throwing it on his shoulder without another word, slunk away and disappeared behind a stone.

It happened another time that their mother sent the two girls to town to buy needles, thread, and ribbon. Their road was across a heath, on which, here and there, great rocks lay scattered. Soon they saw a large bird hovering over a certain spot, till at last he pounced down suddenly to earth, and they heard terrible cries close to them. They ran and found that a large eagle had their old acquaintance, the dwarf, in his talons, and was carrying him away. The good-natured children did all that they could — they held the little man fast to pull him back, and struggled so fiercely with the eagle that he gave up his prey.

The dwarf no sooner recovered from his fright than the ungrateful little wretch exclaimed: —

"What do you mean by catching hold of me so roughly? You clawed at my new coat till it is nearly torn from my back — awkward little clowns that you are!"

Then he took up his sack of precious stones, and slipped away among the rocks. The girls were accustomed to his rudeness and did not care for it. They went on to the town and made their purchases.

On their return, while crossing the heath, they came upon the dwarf again. He had emptied his sack of precious stones in a quiet corner, not supposing that any one would pass at such a late hour. The sun shone brightly on the glittering jewels, which sparkled and flashed out such beautiful colors in his golden light that the children stood and gazed in delight.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" asked the dwarf, his usually gray face quite red with rage. He was going on with his spiteful words when suddenly a terrible growl was heard, and a large bear rushed out of the thicket.

The dwarf sprang up in great fright, but he could not escape, for the bear stood just in his way. Then he cried out piteously in his agony: —

"Dear Mr. Bear, do spare my life! I will give you all my treasures, and those jewels you see lying there, if you will only grant me my life. Such a weak little creature as I am would scarcely be a mouthful for you. See, there are two nice little tender bits — those two wicked maidens. They are as fat as young quails. Just eat them instead of me."

But the bear did not listen to his complaints. Without one word he lifted up his fore paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The maidens in a fright were running away; but the bear called to them: —

"Snow-white, Red-rose, don't be afraid! Wait, and I will go home with you."

They instantly knew his voice, and stood still till he came up to them; but, as he drew near, what was their astonishment to see the bearskin suddenly fall off, and instead of a rough bear there stood before them a handsome young man, with beautiful, gold-embroidered clothes.

"I am a king's son," he said, "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of all I possessed, changed me into a bear, and I have been obliged to wander about the woods, watching my treasures, but not able to catch the dwarf and kill him till to-day. His death has set me free, and he has met the fate he deserved."

Not many years after this Snow-white was married to the prince, and Red-rose to his brother, with whom he had shared the riches and treasures which the dwarf had stolen, and had concealed in his den till the prince recovered them.

There was great joy in the village when these weddings took place, and Snow-white and Red-rose sent for their mother, who lived for many years in great happiness with her children.

The two rose trees were brought to the castle

and planted in the garden near the windows of the two sisters; and every year they bore the same beautiful red and white roses as they had done in the cottage garden at home.

LITTLE WHITE LILY

GEORGE MACDONALD

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — George Macdonald was born in Scotland in 1824. He wrote novels, poems, and juvenile books, besides much miscellaneous matter. You will like some of his poems now. Many of his novels will please you as you grow older. "At the Back of the North Wind" is a very popular book.

LITTLE white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little white Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little white Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little white Lily
Said, "It is good;
Little white Lily's
Clothing and food."

Little white Lily
  Drest like a bride,
Shining with whiteness,
  And crowned beside.

Little white Lily
  Droopeth with pain,
Waiting and waiting
  For the wet rain.
Little white Lily
  Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling,
  And filling it up.

Little white Lily
  Said, "Good again,
When I am thirsty
  To have fresh rain.
Now I am stronger,
  Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
  My veins are so full."

Little white Lily
  Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
  Rain at her feet.

Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little white Lily
Is happy again.

POLLY

GEORGE MACDONALD

BROWN eyes, straight nose;
Dirt pies, rumpled clothes.

Torn books, spoilt toys;
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;

Little rages, obvious arts;
(Three her age is), cakes, tarts;

Falling down off chairs;
Breaking crown down stairs;

Catching flies on the pane;
Deep sighs — cause not plain;

Bribing you with kisses
For a few farthing blisses.

Wide-a-wake as you hear,
"Mercy's sake, quiet, dear!"

New shoes, new frock;
Vague views of what is o'clock;

When it's time to go to bed,
And scorn sublime for what is said.

Folded hands, saying prayers,
Understands not nor cares —

Thinks it odd, smiles away;
Yet may God hear her pray.

Fast asleep, as you see,
Heaven keep my girl for me!

MARY'S LAMB

MRS. SARAH J. HALE

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Sarah J. Hale was born in New Hampshire in 1788. She was editor of the "Ladies' Magazine," and "Godey's Lady's Book." She wrote much, and many of her poems became widely known.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day, —
Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said, "I'm not afraid, —
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Oh! Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

SUPPOSE

ALICE CARY

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Alice Cary was born in Ohio in 1820. She began writing both prose and poetry when only eighteen years old. She wrote much, but you are not likely to see her prose writings now, though her poems are still popular.

SUPPOSE, my little lady,
Your doll should break its head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your nose and eyes are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke"?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house,
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser,
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less, while walking,
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

THE YOUNG DANDELION

DINAH M. CRAIK

I AM a bold fellow
As ever was seen,
With my shield of yellow,
In the grass of green.

You may uproot me
From field and from lane.
Trample me, cull me —
I spring up again.

I never flinch, sir,
Wherever I dwell;
Give me an inch, sir,
I'll soon take an ell.

Drive me from garden
In anger and pride,
I'll thrive and harden
By the roadside.

LITTLE MISS SNOWFLAKE

JOSEPHINE POLLARD

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Josephine Pollard was born in New York City in 1840. She has written much prose, but is most noted as a hymn writer. You will like best now her "Songs of Bird Life" and "Vagrant Poems."

LITTLE Miss Snowflake came to town
All dressed up in her brand new gown,
And nobody looked as fresh and fair
As little Miss Snowflake, I declare!

Out of a fleecy cloud she stepped,
Where all the rest of her family kept
As close together as bees can swarm,
In readiness for a big snowstorm.

But little Miss Snowflake couldn't wait,
And she wanted to come in greater state;
For she thought that her beauty would ne'er
be known
If she came in a crowd, so she came alone.

All alone from the great blue sky,
Where cloudy vessels went scudding by,
With sails all set on their way to meet
The larger ships of the snowy fleet.

She was very tired, but couldn't stop
On tall church spire, or chimney top;
All the way from her bright abode
Down to the dust of a country road.

There she rested all out of breath,
And there she speedily met her death,
And nobody could exactly tell
The spot where little Miss Snowflake fell.

THE LITTLE LEAF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

ONCE on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said: —

"What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The wind," said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf: —

"Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to." And so the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some were scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said: —

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: —

"O branch, why are you lead-colored and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes," said the tree, "for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY

JANE TAYLOR

I LOVE little Pussy
Her coat is so warm;
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,
Nor drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,
And I'll give her some food;
And she'll love me, because
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,
And then she will pur,
And thus show her thanks
For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,
Nor tread on her paw,
Lest I should provoke her
To use her sharp claw.

I never will vex her,
Nor make her displeased,
For Puss doesn't like
To be worried nor teased.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS

"GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast, —
World, you are beautifully drest.

"The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

"You, friendly Earth! how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

"Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper inside me seemed to say, —

"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

THE BUSY BEE

ISAAC WATTS

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Isaac Watts was born in England in 1674. He wrote a great deal, but is best known by his psalms and hymns, some of which are familiar to nearly every one.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower?

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

THE CONCEITED APPLE BRANCH

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Hans Christian Andersen, a Danish poet and novelist, was born in 1805. He is best known as the author of fairy tales which have been translated into many languages. They are the sweetest and most delightful of all fairy stories.

IT was the month of May. The wind still blew cold; but from bush and tree, field and flower, came the welcome sound, "Spring is come." The hedges were covered with wild flowers. Spring was busy under the little apple tree. He told his tale from one of the branches which was covered with the delicate pink and white buds that were just ready to open. The branch knew very well how beautiful it was. A nobleman's carriage, in which the young countess sat, stopped in the road near by. She thought the apple branch a most lovely object, an emblem of spring in its most charming aspect. The branch was broken off for her and she held it in her hand and sheltered it with her silk parasol. Then they drove to the castle in which were lofty halls and splendid drawing-rooms. Pure white curtains fluttered before the open windows, and beautiful flowers stood in shining, transparent vases; and

in one of them, which looked as if it had been cut out of new fallen snow, the apple branch was placed, together with some fresh, light twigs of beech. It was a charming sight. Then the branch became proud, which was very much like people.

As the apple branch stood before the open window he could see out over gardens and fields, where there were flowers and plants, some rich and beautiful, some poor and humble indeed. "Poor, despised herbs," said the apple branch; "there is really a great difference between them and such as I am. How unhappy they must be, if they can feel as those in my position do! There is a difference indeed, and so there ought to be, or we should all be equals."

And the apple branch looked with a sort of pity upon them, especially upon a certain little flower that is found in the fields and the ditches. No one bound these flowers together in a nosegay; they were too common; they even grew between the paving stones, shooting up everywhere, like bad weeds; and they bore the very ugly name of dogflowers or dandelions.

"Poor, despised plants," said the apple bough, "it is not your fault that you are so ugly, and that you have such an ugly name; but it is with plants as with men,—there must be a difference."

"A difference!" cried the sunbeam, as he kissed

the blooming apple branch, and then kissed the yellow dandelion out in the fields. All were brothers, and the sunbeam kissed them — the poor flowers as well as the rich.

The apple bough had never thought of the boundless love of God, which is for all the works of creation, for everything which lives, and moves, and has its being in Him; he had never thought of the good and the beautiful which are so often hidden, but which can never be forgotten by Him, — not only among the lower creation, but also among men. The sunbeam knew better.

"You do not see very far, nor very clearly," he said to the apple branch. "Which is the despised plant you pity?"

"The dandelion," he replied. "No one ever places it in a nosegay; it is often trodden under foot, there are so many of them; and when they run to seed they have flowers like wool, which fly away over the roads in little pieces, and cling to the dresses of people. They are only weeds, but of course there must be weeds. Oh, I am really very thankful that I was not made like one of these flowers."

Soon there came across the fields a whole group of children; the youngest was so small that it had to be carried by the others, and when he was seated on the grass among the yellow flowers he laughed aloud

with joy, kicked out his little legs, rolled about, plucked the yellow flowers, and kissed them in child-like innocence. The older children broke off the flowers with long stems, bent the stalks one round the other to form links, and made first a chain for the neck, then one to go across the shoulders and hang down to the waist, and at last a wreath to wear round the head, so that they looked quite splendid in their garlands of green stems and golden flowers. The oldest carefully gathered the faded flowers, on the stem of which was grouped together the seed, in the form of a white feathery crown. These loose, airy wool-flowers were very beautiful, and looked like fine snowy feathers or down. The children held them to their mouths and tried to blow away the whole crown with one puff of the breath. They had been told by their grandmothers that whoever did this would be sure to have new clothes before the end of the year. This made the despised flower a prophet.

"Do you see," said the sunbeam, "do you see the beauty of these flowers? Do you see their power to give pleasure?"

"Yes, to children," said the apple bough.

By and by an old woman came into the field, and, with a blunt knife without a handle, began to dig up the roots of the dandelion plants. She would use

some of these to make tea for herself, the others she would sell to the chemist.

"But beauty is of higher value than all this," said the apple tree branch; "only the chosen ones can enter the realms of the beautiful. There is a difference between plants, just as there is a difference between men."

Then the sunbeam spoke of the boundless love of God as seen in creation, and over all that lives, and of the equal spread of His gifts, both in time and in eternity.

"That is your opinion," said the apple bough.

Then some people came into the room, among them the young countess who had placed the apple bough in the transparent vase, which was in the sunlight. She carried in her hand something that seemed like a flower. It was hidden by two or three great leaves, which covered it so that no draught could injure it, and it was carried much more carefully than the apple branch had been. Very cautiously the large leaves were removed, and there appeared the feathery seed crown of the despised dandelion. This was what the young countess had so carefully picked, and carried home so safely that not one of the delicate feathery arrows was lost.

"See," she exclaimed, "how wonderfully God has

made this little flower. I will paint it and the apple branch together. Every one admires the beauty of the apple bough, but Heaven has given this humble flower another kind of loveliness; though they differ in appearance, both are children of the realms of beauty."

Then the sunbeam kissed the lowly flower, and the blooming apple branch, upon whose leaves appeared a rosy blush.

THE DARNING NEEDLE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE was once a darning needle who thought herself so fine as to be fit only for embroidery. "Hold me tight," she would say to the fingers, when they took her up, "don't let me fall; if you do, I shall never be found again, I am so very fine."

"That is your opinion, is it?" said the fingers as they seized her round the body.

"See, I am coming with a train," said the darning needle, drawing a long thread after her; but there was no knot in the thread.

The fingers then placed the point of the needle against the cook's slipper. There was a crack in

the upper leather which had to be sewn together.

"What coarse work!" said the darning needle. "I shall never get through. I shall break!—I am breaking!" and sure enough she broke. "Did I not say so?" said the darning needle. "I know I am too fine for such work as that."

"This needle is quite useless for sewing now," said the fingers; but they still held it fast, and the cook dropped some sealing wax on the needle, and used it to fasten her handkerchief.

"So now I am a breastpin," said the darning needle; "I knew very well I should come to honor some day: merit is sure to rise;" and she laughed quietly, to herself, for of course no one ever saw a darning needle laugh. And there she sat as proudly as if she were in a state coach, and looked all around her. "May I be allowed to ask if you are made of gold?" she inquired of her neighbor, a pin; "you have a very pretty appearance, and a curious head, although you are rather small. You must take pains to grow, for it is not every one who has sealing wax dropped upon him;" and as she spoke the darning needle drew herself up so proudly that she fell out of the handkerchief into the sink, which the cook was cleaning.

"Now I am going on a journey," said the needle,

as she floated away with the dirty water. "I do hope I shall not be lost." But she really was lost in the gutter. "I am too fine for this world," said the darning needle, as she lay in the gutter; "but I know who I am, and that is always some comfort."

So the darning needle kept up her proud behavior and did not lose her good humor. Then there floated over her all sorts of things, — chips and straws, and pieces of old newspaper. "See how they sail," said the darning needle; "they do not know what is under them. I am here, and here I shall stick. See, there goes a chip thinking of nothing in the world but himself — only a chip. There's a straw going by now; how he turns and twists about! Don't be thinking too much of yourself, or you may chance to run against a stone. There swims a piece of newspaper; what is written upon it has been forgotten long ago, and yet it gives itself airs. I sit here patiently and quietly. I know who I am, so I shall not move."

One day something lying close to the darning needle glittered so splendidly that she thought it was a diamond; yet it was only a piece of a broken bottle. The darning needle spoke to it, because it sparkled, and represented herself as a breastpin. "I suppose you are really a diamond?" she said.

"Why yes, something of the kind," he replied; and so each believed the other to be very valuable, and they began to talk about the world, and the conceited people in it.

"I have been in a lady's workbox," said the darning needle, "and this lady was the cook. She had on each hand five fingers, and anything so conceited as these five fingers I have never seen; and yet they were only employed to take me out of the box and to put me back again."

"Were they not high born?"

"High born!" said the darning needle, "no, indeed, but so haughty. They were five brothers, all born fingers; they kept very proudly together, though they were of different lengths. The one who stood in the first rank was named the thumb; he was short and thick, and had only one joint in his back, and could therefore make but one bow, but he said if he were cut off from a man's hand, that man would be unfit for a soldier. Sweet-tooth, his neighbor, dipped himself into sweet or sour, pointed to the sun and moon, and formed the letters when the fingers wrote. Longman, the middle finger, looked over the heads of all the others. Gold-band, the next finger, wore a gold circle round his waist. And little Playman did nothing at all, and seemed proud of it. They were boasters, and

boasters they will remain; and therefore I left them."

"And now we sit here and glitter," said the piece of broken bottle.

At the same moment more water streamed into the gutter, so that it overflowed, and the piece of bottle was carried away.

"So he is promoted," said the darning needle, "while I remain here; I am too fine, but that is my pride, and what do I care?" And so she sat there in her pride, and had many such thoughts as these: "I could almost fancy that I came from a sunbeam, I am so fine. It seems as if the sunbeams were always looking for me under the water. Ah! I am so fine that even my mother cannot find me. Had I still my old eye, which was broken off, I believe I should weep; but no, I would not do that, for it is not genteel to cry."

One day a couple of street boys were paddling in the gutter, for they sometimes found old nails, farthings, and other treasures. It was dirty work, but they took great pleasure in it. "Hallo!" cried one, as he pricked himself with the darning needle, "here's a fellow for you."

"I am not a fellow, I am a young lady," said the darning needle; but no one heard her.

The sealing wax had come off, and she was quite

black; but black makes a person look slender, so she thought herself even finer than before.

"Here comes an eggshell sailing along," said one of the boys; so they stuck the darning needle into the eggshell.

"White walls, and I am black myself," said the darning needle, "that looks well; now I can be seen; but I hope I shall not be seasick, or I shall break again." She was not seasick, and she did not break. "It is a good thing against seasickness to have a steel stomach, and not to forget one's importance. Now my seasickness has passed; delicate people can bear a great deal."

Crack went the eggshell, as a wagon passed over it. "How it crushes!" said the darning needle. "I shall be sick now. I am breaking!" but she did not break, though the wagon went over her as she lay at full length; and there let her lie.

THE HARDY TIN SOLDIER

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

ONCE there were five and twenty tin soldiers; they were all brothers, for they had all been born of one old tin spoon. They shouldered their muskets, and looked straight before them; their uniform was red and blue, and very splendid. The first thing they heard in the world, when the lid was taken off their box, had been the words, "Tin soldiers!"

These words were spoken by a little boy, clapping his hands; the soldiers had been given to him for a birthday present. He put them upon the table; each soldier was exactly like the rest; but the one that had been cast last had only one leg as there had not been enough tin to finish him, so he stood on one leg as firmly as the others upon two. It was this soldier who became remarkable.

There were many other playthings on the table on which the tin soldiers had been placed, but the toy that was most admired was a neat castle of cardboard. Through the little windows one could see straight into the hall. Some little trees were placed before the castle, near a round mirror that was to represent a lake. Swans of wax swam on this lake, and were reflected by it. This was all very

pretty; but the prettiest of all was a little lady, who stood at the open door of the castle; she was cut out in paper, but she had a dress of the clearest gauze, and a little narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders, that looked like a scarf; and in the middle of this ribbon was a shining tinsel rose as big as her whole face. The little lady stretched out both her arms, for she was a dancer; and then she lifted one leg so high that the Tin Soldier could not see it at all, and thought that, like himself, she had but one leg.

"That would be the wife for me," thought he; "but she is very grand. She lives in a castle, and I have only a box, and there are five and twenty of us in that. It is no place for her. But I must try and get acquainted with her."

Then he lay down at full length behind a snuff-box which was on the table; there he could easily watch the dainty lady, who continued to stand upon one leg without losing her balance.

When the evening came all the other tin soldiers were put into their box, and the people in the house went to bed. Now the toys began to play at "visiting," and at "war," and "giving balls." The tin soldiers rattled in their box, for they wanted to join, but could not lift the lid. The nutcracker threw somersaults, and the pencil amused itself on

the table: there was so much noise that the canary woke up, and began to speak too, and even in verse. The only two who did not stir from their places were the Tin Soldier and the Dancing Lady: she stood straight up on the point of one of her toes, and stretched out both her arms; and he was just as immovable on his one leg; and he never turned his eyes away from her. The clock struck twelve — and, bounce! the lid flew off the snuff-box; but there was no snuff in it, but a little black goblin: you see, it was a trick.

"Tin Soldier!" said the Goblin, "don't stare at things that don't concern you."

But the Tin Soldier pretended not to hear him.

"Just you wait till to-morrow!" said the Goblin.

When the morning came, and the children got up, the Tin Soldier was placed in the window; and whether it was the Goblin, or the draught that did it, all at once the window flew open, and the Soldier fell head over heels out of the third story. It was a terrible passage! He put his leg straight up, and struck with helmet downward, his bayonet between the paving stones.

The servant-maid and the little boy came down to look for him, but though they almost trod upon him, they did not see him. If the Soldier had cried out, "Here I am!" they would have found him; but he

did not think it proper to call out loudly, because he was in uniform.

It began to rain; the drops fell thicker and thicker, and at last the water fell almost in streams. When the rain was over two street boys came by.

"Just look!" said one of them, "there lies a Tin Soldier. He must come out and ride in a boat."

They made a boat out of a newspaper, and put the Tin Soldier in the middle of it, so he sailed down the gutter, and the two boys ran beside him and clapped their hands. It had been a heavy rain. How the waves rose in the gutter, and how fast the stream ran! The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned round so rapidly that the Tin Soldier trembled; but he never changed countenance, and looked straight before him, and shouldered his musket.

All at once the boat went into a long drain, and it was as dark as if he were in a box.

"Where am I going now?" he thought. "Yes, yes, that is the Goblin's fault. Ah! if the little lady only sat here with me, it might be twice as dark for all that I would care."

Suddenly there came a great Water Rat, which lived under the drain.

"Have you a passport?" said the Rat. "Give me your passport."

But the Tin Soldier kept silence, and held his musket tighter than ever.

The boat went on, but the Rat came after it. How he gnashed his teeth, and called out to the bits of straw and wood!

"Hold him! hold him! He hasn't paid his toll—he hasn't shown his passport!"

But the stream became stronger and stronger. The Tin Soldier could see the bright daylight where the arch ended; but he heard a roaring noise that might well frighten a bolder man. Only think—just where the tunnel ended, the drain ran into a great canal, and for him that was as dangerous as to be carried down a great waterfall.

He was already so near it he could not stop. The boat whirled round three or four times, and was full of water to the very edge—it must sink. The Tin Soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper; the paper was loosened more and more; the water closed over the Soldier's head. Then he thought of the pretty little Dancer whom he would never see again; the paper parted, and the Tin Soldier fell out; but at that moment he was snapped up by a great fish.

Oh, how dark it was in that fish's body! It was darker than in the drain tunnel: and then it was

very narrow, too. The Tin Soldier lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro; he made the most wonderful movements, and then became quite still. At last something flashed through him like lightning. The daylight shone quite clear, and a voice said, "The Tin Soldier!" The fish had been caught, carried to market, bought, taken into the kitchen, where the cook cut him open with a large knife. She took the Soldier and carried him into the room, where all were anxious to see the Soldier who had traveled about inside a fish; but the Tin Soldier was not at all proud. They placed him on the table. What curious things may happen in the world! The Tin Soldier was in the very room in which he had been before! he saw the same children, and the same toys on the table; and there was the pretty castle with the graceful little Dancer. She was still balancing herself on one leg. She was hardy, too. That moved the Tin Soldier: he was very nearly weeping tin tears, but that would not have been proper. He looked at her, but they said nothing to each other.

Then one of the little boys took the Tin Soldier and threw him into the stove. He gave no reason for doing this. It must have been the fault of the Goblin in the snuff-box.

The Tin Soldier stood there brightly lighted up, and felt a heat that was terrible; but whether this heat was caused by fire or love he did not know. The colors had quite gone off from him; but whether that had happened on the journey, or had been caused by grief, no one could say. He looked at the little lady, she looked at him, and he felt that he was melting; but he still stood firm, shouldering his musket. Then suddenly the door flew open, and a draught of air caught the Dancer and she flew like a sylph to the Tin Soldier in the stove, and flashed up in a flame and was gone. The Tin Soldier melted down into a lump; and when the servant-maid took the ashes out the next day, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. Of the Dancer nothing was left but the tinsel rose, and that was burned as black as a coal.

THE SILVER SHILLING

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

THERE was once a Shilling who came out bright from the mint, and sprang up and rang out, "Hurrah! now I am off into the wide world." And into the wide world he certainly went.

The child held him with soft, warm hands; the miser clutched him in a cold, greedy palm; the old man turned him goodness knows how many times before parting with him; while careless youth rolled him lightly away. The Shilling was of silver, and had very little copper about him; he had been a whole year in the world — that is to say, in the country in which he had been coined. One day he started on his foreign travels: he was the last native coin in the purse of his traveling master, who did not know that he had the coin till he came across it by chance.

"Why, here is a shilling from home," he said. "Well, he can journey with me."

The Shilling rattled and jumped for joy as it was thrust back into the purse. It lay among strange companions, who came and went, each making room for its successor, but the Shilling from home always remained in the purse.

Several weeks passed by, and the Shilling had traveled far without knowing exactly where he was, though he learned from the other coins that they were French and Italian. One said they were in such and such a town, another that they had reached such and such a spot: but this meant nothing to the Shilling. He who has his head in a bag sees nothing, and this was the case with the Shilling.

One day he noticed that the purse was not shut, so he crept forward to the opening, to take a look around. He ought not to have done so; but he was curious, and people often have to pay for that. He slipped out into the pocket; when the purse was taken out at night the Shilling remained and was sent away with the clothes. He fell upon the floor, but no one heard or saw him.

Next morning the gentleman went on his journey, but the Shilling remained behind. The coin was found, and put in service again.

"It is pleasant to look about in the world," thought the Shilling, "and to learn foreign customs, and know strange people."

Now began the history of the Shilling as told by himself.

"'Away with him, he's bad — no use!' These words went through and through me," said the Shilling. "I knew I sounded well and had been coined properly. These people were certainly mistaken. They could not mean me! but, yes, they did. I was the one of whom they said, 'He's bad — he's no good.' 'I must get rid of that fellow in the dark,' said the man who received me; and I was passed at night and abused in the daytime. 'Bad — no good,' was the cry; 'we must make haste and get rid of him.'

"I trembled in the fingers of the holder each time I was to be passed as a coin of the country.

"What a miserable Shilling I am! Of what use is my silver to me, my value, my coinage, if all these things are looked on as worthless? In the eyes of the world one has only the value the world chooses to put on one. It must be terrible indeed to have a bad conscience, and to creep along in evil ways, if I, who am quite innocent, can feel so badly because I am thought guilty.

"Each time I was brought out I shuddered at the thought of the eyes that would look at me, for I knew I would be rejected and flung back upon the table, like a cheat. Once I came into the hands of a poor old woman, to whom I was paid for a hard day's work, and she could not get rid of me at all. No one would accept me, and I was a great worry to the poor old woman.

"'I shall certainly be forced to deceive some one with this shilling,' she said; 'for with the best will in the world, I can't hoard up a false shilling. The rich baker shall have him; he will be able to bear the loss — but it is wrong in me to do it, after all.'

"'I must lie heavy on that woman's conscience,' sighed I. 'Am I really so much changed in my old age?'

"The woman went her way to the rich baker; but

he knew too well what kind of shillings would pass to take me, and he threw me back at the woman. I felt much ashamed that I should be the cause of distress in others — I, who in my young days had been so proud of my value. I became as miserable as a poor shilling can be whom no one will accept; but the woman took me home again, and looked at me with a friendly face, and said: —

"'No, I will not deceive any one with thee. I will bore a hole through thee, that every one may see that thou art a false thing. And yet — it just occurs to me — perhaps this is a lucky shilling; the thought comes so strongly upon me that I am sure it must be true! I will make a hole through the shilling, and pass a string through the hole, and hang the coin round the neck of my neighbor's little boy for a lucky shilling.'

"So she bored a hole through me. It is not agreeable to have a hole bored through one; but many things can be borne when the intention is good. A thread was passed through the hole, and I became a kind of medal, and was hung around the neck of the little child, who smiled at me, and kissed me, and I slept all night on its warm, innocent neck.

"When the morning came, the child's mother took me up in her fingers and looked at me, and she had her own thoughts about me, I could feel that very

well. She brought out a pair of scissors, and cut the string.

"'A lucky shilling!' she said. 'Well, we shall soon see as to that.'

"She laid me in vinegar, and I turned quite green. Then she plugged up the hole, and carried me in the evening to the lottery shop, to buy a lottery ticket that should bring her luck.

"How miserable I felt! There was a stinging feeling in me, as if I should crumble into bits. I knew that I should be called false and thrown down — and before a crowd of shillings and other coins, too, who lay there with an image of which they might feel proud. I escaped that disgrace, for there were many people in the shop and the keeper had a great deal to do, so I went rattling down into a box with the other coins. Whether my ticket won anything or not I do not know; but I do know that the very next morning I was called a bad shilling, and sent out to deceive again and again.

"For a year and a day I wandered from hand to hand, and from house to house, always abused, always unwelcome, never trusted. I lost confidence in the world, and in myself. It was a sad time. One day a traveler, a strange gentleman, took me for a good coin, but when he tried to pass me on I heard the old cry of, 'No use — false!'

"'I received it as a good coin,' said the man, and he looked closely at me: suddenly he smiled all over his face. I had never seen that expression on any face that looked at me. 'Why, what is that?' he said. 'That is one of my own country coins, a good honest shilling from my home, and they have bored a hole through him, and they call him false. This is very curious. I must keep him and take him home with me.'

"A glow of joy thrilled me as I heard myself called a good, honest shilling. I was to be taken home, where every one would know me, and be sure that I was real silver. I could have thrown out sparks for very gladness; but after all, it is not in my nature to throw out sparks. It is steel that does that, not silver.

"I was wrapped up in clean white paper, so that I should not become mixed with the other coins and spent. At last I got home again. All my troubles were ended, joy came back to me, for I was of good silver, and had the right stamp. I had no more troubles. One must wait for the end, and one will be righted at last — that is my belief," said the Shilling.

THE NIGHTINGALE

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

IN China, you must know, the Emperor is a Chinaman, and all the people about him are Chinamen too. It happened a good many years ago, but that is why it is worth while to hear the story before it is forgotten. The Emperor's palace was the most splendid in the world; it was made entirely of porcelain, and very costly, but so delicate and brittle that one had to take care how he touched it. In the garden were to be seen the most wonderful flowers, and to the costliest of them were tied silver bells which sounded so that no one might pass by without noticing them. Everything in the Emperor's garden was wonderful. It extended so far that the gardener himself did not know where the end was. If one went on and on, he came into a glorious forest with high trees and deep lakes. The wood extended right down to the sea, which was blue and deep; great ships could sail beneath the branches of the trees; and in the trees lived a Nightingale, which sang so splendidly that even the poor fisherman, who had many other things to do, stopped still and listened, when he went at night to throw out his nets.

As he listened to the Nightingale, he said, "How beautiful that is!" but he was obliged to attend to

his work, and so forgot the bird. The next night the bird sang again, and as the fisherman heard it, he said once more, "How beautiful that is!"

From all the cities of the world travelers came to the city of the Emperor, and admired it, and the palace, and the garden, but when they heard the Nightingale, they said, "That is the best of all!"

And the travelers told of it when they went home; and the learned men wrote many books about the town, the palace, and the garden. But they did not forget the Nightingale; that was placed highest of all; and those who were poets wrote beautiful poems about the Nightingale in the wood by the deep lake.

The books went all over the world, and a few of them once came to the Emperor. He sat in his golden chair, and read, and read: every moment he nodded his head, for it pleased him to read the fine descriptions of the city, the palace, and the garden, "But the Nightingale is best of all." That was written again and again.

"What is that!" exclaimed the Emperor. "I don't know the Nightingale at all! Is there such a bird in my empire, and even in my garden? I never heard of that. To think that I should have to learn such a thing for the first time from books!"

And then he called his cavalier who was so grand

that if any one lower in rank than himself dared to speak to him, or ask him any question, he answered nothing but "P!"—and that meant nothing.

"There is said to be a wonderful bird here called a Nightingale," said the Emperor. "They say it is the best thing in all my great empire. Why have I never heard anything about it?"

"I have never heard him named," replied the cavalier. "He has never been introduced at Court."

"I command that he shall appear this evening, and sing before me," said the Emperor. "All the world knows what I possess, and I do not know it myself!"

"I have never heard him mentioned," said the cavalier. "I will seek for him. I will find him."

But where was he to be found? The cavalier ran up and down all the stairways, through halls and passages, but no one whom he met had heard of the Nightingale. The cavalier went back to the Emperor and said the story of the Nightingale must be a fable told by the writers of books.

"Your Majesty cannot imagine how much is written that is fiction, to say nothing of what they call the black art."

"But the book in which I read the story of the Nightingale," said the Emperor, "was sent to me by the great Emperor of Japan, and it must be true. I

will hear the Nightingale! It must be here this evening! It has my imperial favor; and if it does not come, all the Court shall be trampled upon after the Court has supped!"

"Tsing-pe!" said the cavalier; and again he ran up and down all the stairways, and through all the halls and corridors; and half the Court ran with him, for the courtiers did not like being trampled upon.

Then there was great inquiry after the wonderful Nightingale, which all the world knew excepting the people at Court.

At last they met with a poor little girl in the kitchen, who said: "The Nightingale? I know it well; yes, it can sing gloriously. Every evening I get leave to carry to my poor sick mother the scraps from the table. She lives down by the shore; and when I get back and am tired, and rest in the wood, then I hear the Nightingale sing. Then the water comes into my eyes, and it is as if my mother kissed me."

"Little kitchen girl," said the cavalier, "I will get you a place in the kitchen, with permission to see the Emperor dine, if you will lead us to the Nightingale, for it is announced for this evening."

They all went out into the wood where the Nightingale sang; half the Court went with them. When they were on their way a cow began to low.

"Oh!" cried the Court pages, "now we have it! That shows a wonderful power for so small a creature! We have certainly heard this before."

"No, those are the cows lowing," said the little kitchen girl. "We are a long way from the place yet."

The frogs in the marsh began to croak.

"Glorious!" said the Court preacher. "Now I hear it — it sounds just like little church bells."

"No, those are frogs," said the little kitchen maid. "But I think we shall soon hear it now." Then the Nightingale began to sing.

"That is it!" exclaimed the little girl. "Listen, listen! and yonder it sits."

She pointed to a little gray bird sitting in a tree.

"Is it possible!" said the cavalier. "I should never have thought it looked like that! How simple it looks! It must have lost its color at seeing such grand people around."

"Little Nightingale!" called the little kitchen maid, quite loudly, "our gracious Emperor wishes you to sing before him."

"With the greatest pleasure!" replied the Nightingale, who began to sing in the sweetest way.

"It sounds just like glass bells!" said the cavalier. "And look at its little throat, how it is working! It is wonderful that we never heard it before. It will be a great success at Court."

"Shall I sing once more before the Emperor?" said the Nightingale, for it thought the Emperor was present.

"My excellent little Nightingale," said the cavalier, "I have great pleasure in inviting you to a Court festival this evening, when you shall charm his Imperial Majesty with your beautiful singing."

"My song sounds best in the green wood," replied the Nightingale; still it came willingly when it learned what the Emperor wished.

The palace was very beautiful. The walls and floor, which were of porcelain, shone in the light of thousands of golden lamps. In the passages were beautiful flowers which could ring clearly. There was running to and fro, and all the bells rang so loudly that one could hardly hear the sound of his own voice.

In the midst of the great hall where the Emperor sat, a golden perch had been placed, on which the Nightingale was to sit. The whole Court was there, and the little kitchen maid had leave to stand behind the door. All were in full dress, and all looked at the little gray bird to which the Emperor nodded.

The Nightingale sang so gloriously that tears came into the Emperor's eyes, and ran down over his cheeks; then the Nightingale sang still more sweetly.

The Emperor was so pleased that he said the Nightingale should have his golden slipper. This the Nightingale declined, saying, "I have seen tears in the Emperor's eyes — that is a real treasure to me. I am rewarded enough." Then it sang again with a sweet, glorious voice.

The Nightingale was to remain at Court and have its own cage, with liberty to go out twice each day and once at night. When the Nightingale went out twelve servants looked after it, each one having a silken string fastened to the bird's legs. There was no pleasure in going out in this way.

The whole city spoke of the wonderful bird. Eleven peddler's children were named after it, but not one of them could sing a note.

One day the Emperor received a large parcel on which was written, "The Nightingale."

"There we have a new book about this celebrated bird," said the Emperor.

It was not a book, but a little work of art, in a box, an artificial Nightingale, which could be made to sing like a natural one. It was ornamented with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies. When it was wound up, it would sing one of the songs that the real Nightingale sang. His tail would move up and down and it shone with silver and gold. Round its neck hung a little ribbon on which was written, "The Emperor

of China's nightingale is poor compared with that of the Emperor of Japan."

"That is capital!" they all said, and he who brought the artificial bird was given the title, Imperial Head-Nightingale-Bringer.

"Now they must sing together; what a duet that will be!" cried the courtiers. And so they did sing together; but it did not sound very well, for the real Nightingale sang its own way, and the artificial bird sang waltzes.

"That is not his fault," said the playmaster; "he is quite perfect, and very much in my style."

Now the artificial bird was to sing alone. He had just as great success as the real one, and was much handsomer to look at.

Three and thirty times over did it sing the same piece, and yet was not tired. The people would gladly have heard it again, but the Emperor said that the living Nightingale ought to sing something. But where was it? No one had noticed that it had flown out of the open window, back to the green wood.

"But what has become of it?" asked the Emperor.

All the courtiers abused the Nightingale, and said that it was a very ungrateful creature.

"We have the best bird, after all," said they.

And so the artificial bird had to sing again, and

that was the thirty-fourth time that they had listened to the same piece. Still they did not quite know it by heart, for it was very difficult. The playmaster praised the bird very much and said it was better than the Nightingale, not only because of its plumage and its many beautiful diamonds, but for its song as well.

"For you see, ladies and gentlemen, and above all, your Imperial Majesty, with a real Nightingale one can never tell what is coming, but with this artificial bird one always knows what to look for. One can explain it; one can open it and show the people where the waltzes come from, how they go, and how one follows another."

"Those are quite our own ideas," they all said.

The speaker was allowed to show the bird to the people the next Sunday. The people were to hear it sing too, and they did hear it, and were as much pleased as though they had all got tipsy on tea, as the Chinese do, and they all said, "Oh!" and held up their forefingers and nodded. But the poor fisherman who had heard the real Nightingale, said: —

"It sounds pretty enough, and the melodies resemble each other, but there is something lacking, though I do not know what."

The real Nightingale was banished from the empire. The artificial bird was given a place on a silken cush-

ion close to the Emperor's bed; all the presents it had received, gold and precious stones, were placed near it; its title had been changed to High Imperial After-Dinner-Singer. The playmaster wrote a work of five and twenty volumes about the artificial bird: it was very learned and very long, full of the most difficult Chinese words; but yet all the people declared that they had read it and understood it, for fear of being considered stupid.

So a whole year went by. The Emperor, the Court, and all the other Chinese knew every little twitter in the artificial bird's song by heart. Just for that reason it pleased them best — they could sing with it themselves, and they did so. The street boys sang it. The Emperor himself sang it too. That was certainly famous.

But one evening, when the artificial bird was singing its best, and the Emperor lay in bed listening to it, something inside the bird said, "Whizz!" Something cracked. "Whir-r-r!" All the wheels ran round, and then the music stopped.

The Emperor immediately sprang out of bed, and caused his body physician to be called, but what could he do? Then they sent for a watchmaker, and after a great deal of talking the bird was put in order, but the watchmaker said it must be very carefully treated, for the barrels were worn, and new ones could not be

put in so that the music would go. There was great mourning, and the bird was permitted to sing only once a year, and that was almost too much. But then the playmaster made a little speech, full of heavy words, and said that this was just as good as before — and so of course it was as good as before.

Five years went by, and a real grief came upon the whole nation. The Chinese were really very fond of their Emperor, and he was ill, and it was said he could not live much longer. Already a new Emperor had been chosen, and the people stood out in the street and asked the cavalier how the Emperor was.

Cold and pale lay the Emperor in his great, gorgeous bed; the whole Court thought him dead, and each one ran to pay homage to the new ruler. The chamberlains ran out to talk it over, and the ladies' maids had a great coffee party. All about, in the halls and passages, cloth had been laid down so that no footstep could be heard, and so it was quiet there, very quiet. But the Emperor was not dead yet; stiff and pale he lay on the gorgeous bed, with the long velvet curtains and the heavy gold tassels; high up a window stood open, and the moon shone in upon the Emperor and the artificial bird.

The poor Emperor could scarcely breathe; it was

as if something lay upon his chest: he opened his eyes and saw it was Death who sat upon his chest, and had put on his golden crown, and held in one hand the Emperor's sword, and in the other his beautiful banner. All around from among the folds of his splendid curtains strange heads peered forth, a few very ugly, the rest quite lovely and mild. They were the Emperor's bad and good deeds that stood before him now that Death sat upon his heart.

"Do you remember this?" whispered one to the other. "Do you remember that?" And then they told him so much that the perspiration ran down from his forehead.

"I did not know that!" said the Emperor. "Music! music! the great Chinese drum!" he cried, "so that I need not hear all they say!"

They continued speaking, and Death nodded like a Chinaman to all they said.

"Music! music!" cried the Emperor. "You little precious, golden bird, sing, sing! I have given you gold and costly presents; I have even hung my golden slipper around your neck — sing, now, sing!"

But the bird stood still; no one was there to wind him up, and he could not sing without that, but Death continued to stare at the Emperor with his great, hollow eyes, and it was quiet, fearfully quiet.

Suddenly there sounded from the window the most lovely song. It was the little live Nightingale that sat outside on a spray. It had heard of the Emperor's sad sickness, and had come to sing to him of comfort and hope. As it sang, the specters grew paler and paler, the blood ran quicker and more quickly through the Emperor's weak limbs, and even Death listened, and said: —

"Go on, little Nightingale, go on!"

"But will you give me that splendid sword? Will you give me that rich banner? Will you give me the Emperor's crown?"

And Death gave up each of these treasures for a song. The Nightingale sang on and on; it sang of the quiet churchyard where the white roses grow, where the elder blossoms smell sweet, where the fresh grass is moistened by the tears of the survivors. Then Death felt a longing to see his garden, and floated out of the window in the form of a cold white mist.

"Thanks! thanks!" said the Emperor. "You heavenly little bird, I know you well. I banished you from my empire, and yet you have charmed the evil faces from my couch, and banished Death from my heart! How can I reward you?"

"You have rewarded me!" replied the Nightingale. "The first time I sang for you, I drew tears

from your eyes — I shall never forget that. Those are the jewels that rejoice a singer's heart. But sleep now, and grow fresh and strong again."

The bird sang and the Emperor fell into a deep sleep. How mild and refreshing that sleep was! When he awoke, refreshed and restored, the sun was shining in upon him through the windows, but none of his servants had returned, for they all thought him dead. The Nightingale still sat beside him and sang.

"You must always stay with me," said the Emperor. "You shall sing as you please; I will break the artificial bird into a thousand pieces."

"Not so," said the Nightingale. "It did well as long as it could: keep it as you have done. I cannot build my nest in the palace. Let me come when I wish. I will sit in the evening, on the spray yonder, and sing you something so that you will be glad and thoughtful at the same time. I will sing of those who are happy and of those who suffer. I will sing of the good and evil that is hidden round about you. The little singing bird flies far, to the poor fisherman, to the peasant's roof, to every one who dwells far from you and from your Court. I will come and sing to you — but one thing you must promise me."

"Everything!" said the Emperor; and he stood there in his imperial robes, which he had put on

himself, and pressed the sword, which was heavy with gold, to his heart.

"One thing I beg of you: tell no one that you have a little bird who tells you everything. Then it will go all the better."

And the Nightingale flew away.

The servants came in to look at their dead Emperor, and — yes, there he stood, and the Emperor said, "Good morning!"

THE CRADLE SONG

ALFRED TENNYSON

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Tennyson was born in England in 1809. He was poet laureate when he died. "In Memoriam" is regarded as his best work. "Enoch Arden" is widely read. It has been translated into seven languages. Just now you will like best some of his minor poems.

WHAT does little birdie say,
In her nest at peep of day?
"Let me fly," says little birdie,
"Mother, let me fly away."
"Birdie, rest a little longer,
Till the little wings are stronger."
So she rests a little longer,
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,
In her bed at peep of day?
Baby says, like little birdie,
"Let me rise and fly away."
"Baby, sleep a little longer,
Till the little limbs are stronger.
If she sleeps a little longer,
Baby, too, shall fly away."

THE SWEET LITTLE DOLL

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Charles Kingsley was born in England in 1819. He wrote sermons, novels, poems, and juvenile stories. This poem will give you an idea of his style. "Water Babies" is a juvenile story that is very popular.

I ONCE had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled,
And I lost my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

And I found my sweet little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
But for the old sake's sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

THANKSGIVING DAY

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Lydia Maria Child was born in Massachusetts in 1802. She wrote juvenile miscellany and much besides.

OVER the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood,
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play;
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ding,"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast, my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground
Like a hunting hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate.
We seem to go
Extremely slow —
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood,
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie!

KING BELL

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

LONG years ago there lived a king,
A mighty man and bold,
Who had two sons, named Dong and Ding,
Of whom this tale is told.

Prince Ding was clear of voice, and tall,
A prince in every line;
Prince Dong, his voice was very small,
And he but four feet nine.

Now both these sons were very dear
To Bell, the mighty king.
They always hastened to appear
When he for them would ring.

Ding never failed the first to be,
But Dong he followed well,
And at the second summons he
Responded to King Bell.

This promptness of each royal prince
Is all of them we know,
Except that all their kindred since
Have done exactly so.

And if you chance to know a king
  Like this one of the song,
Just listen once — and there is Ding;
  Again — and there is Dong.

TO A FLY

WILLIAM OLDYS

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,
  Drink with me, and drink as I!
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip, and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may!
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to this decline, —
Thine's a summer; mine's no more,
Though repeated to three score, —
Three-score summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

ELLA HIGGINSON

I KNOW a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another in for luck —
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so —
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

THE "OLD, OLD SONG"

CHARLES KINGSLEY

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — This little poem is from "The Water Babies," by Charles Kingsley, a book that you will enjoy reading.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen, —
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down, —
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

SONG OF THE DAISY

E. C. GLOVER

I'D rather be a daisy,
The little children's flower,
Than any prouder beauty
That decks my lady's bower;
When song and shout and laughter
Are echoed o'er the lea,
Oh, merry is the music
Of childhood's voice to me!

Come forth from crowded cities,
From castle and from hall,
From playground and from schoolroom,
And I will greet you all.
The sun hath dried the dewdrops,
The grass is green and long,
All over starred with flowers,
That only ask your song.

Young buttercups are shining,
Behold them in the dells,
You'd think in every floweret
A brilliant sunbeam dwells.

I nothing know of envy,
And little have of pride,
Yet when you gather king-cups,
Let me be by your side.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

MARY HOWITT

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Mary Howitt was born in England in 1798. She wrote many poems, hymns, and ballads. You will frequently meet them, but there is no edition of her poems to be had.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers!
Coming ere the springtime,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth,
Ere the crocus bold,
Ere the early primrose
Opes its paly gold,

Somewhere on a sunny bank
Buttercups are bright,
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers,
Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
By their mother's door,
Purple with the north wind,
Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not, and caring not,
Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather?
What are stormy showers?
Buttercups and daisies
Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
And a life of care,
Gave them likewise hardy strength
And patient hearts to bear.

Welcome, yellow buttercups!
Welcome, daisies white!
Ye are, in my spirit,
Visioned a delight,

Coming ere the springtime,
Of sunny hours to tell,
Speaking to our hearts of Him
Who doeth all things well.

SONG

CELIA THAXTER

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — The following is one of many beautiful poems written by Celia Thaxter. She has written stories also. It will please you, and profit you as well, to read her writings.

SING, little bird, oh sing!
How sweet thy voice and clear!
How fine the airy measures ring,
The sad old world to cheer!

Bloom, little flower, oh bloom!
Thou makest glad the day;
A scented torch, thou dost illume
The darkness of the way.

Dance, little child, oh dance!
While sweet the small birds sing,
And flowers bloom fair, and every glance
Of sunshine tells of spring.

Oh! bloom, and sing, and smile,
Child, bird, and flower, and make
The sad old world forget awhile
Its sorrow for your sake!

"ONE, TWO, THREE!"

H. C. BUNNER

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — H. C. Bunner was born at Oswego in 1855. He was the manager of "Puck" from its establishment till his death. He is author of a volume of poems, "Airs from Arcady," and several novels.

IT was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee —
It wasn't the china closet:
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are *warm* and *warmer;*
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma!"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they had never stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with lame little knee –
This dear, dear, dear old lady,
And the boy who was half-past three.

— From the poems of H. C. BUNNER, by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

BROWNIE AND THE COOK

MISS MULOCK

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Miss Mulock, often known as Mrs. Craik, was born in England in 1826. She published poems, but is better known as a novelist. Her best novel is probably "John Halifax, Gentleman." She wrote several juvenile stories, the most popular being the book from which this story is taken.

PART I

THERE was once a little Brownie, who lived — where do you think he lived? in a coal cellar.

Now a coal cellar may seem a curious place to choose to live in; but then a Brownie is a curious creature — a fairy, and yet not one of that sort of fairies who fly about on gossamer wings, and dance in the moonlight, and so on. He never dances; and as to wings, what use would they be to him in a coal

cellar? He is a sober, stay-at-home, household elf—nothing much to look at, even if you did see him, which you are not likely to do—only a little old man, about a foot high, all dressed in brown, with brown face and hands, and a brown peaked cap, just the color of a brown mouse. And like a mouse, he hides in corners—especially kitchen corners, and only comes out after dark when nobody is about, and so sometimes people call him Mr. Nobody.

I said you were not likely to see him. I never did, certainly, and never knew anybody that did; but still if you were to go into Devonshire, you would hear many funny stories about Brownies in general, and so I may as well tell you the adventures of this particular Brownie, who belonged to a family there; which family he had followed from house to house, most faithfully, for years and years.

A good many people had heard him—or supposed they had—when there were extraordinary noises about the house, noises which must have come from a mouse or a rat—or a Brownie. But nobody had ever seen him except the children—the three little boys and three little girls—who declared he often came to play with them when they were alone, and was the nicest companion in the world, though he was such an old man—hundreds of years old! He was full of fun and mischief, and up to all

sorts of tricks, but he never did anybody any harm unless he deserved it.

Brownie was supposed to live under one particular coal, in the darkest corner of the cellar, which was never allowed to be disturbed. Why he had chosen it nobody knew, nor how he lived there, nobody knew either, nor what he lived upon. Except that, ever since the family could remember, there had always been a bowl of milk put behind the coal cellar door for the Brownie's supper. Perhaps he drank it — perhaps he didn't; anyhow, the bowl was always found empty next morning. The old cook, who had lived all her life in the family, had never once forgotten to give Brownie his supper; but at last she died, and a young cook came in her stead, who was very apt to forget everything. She was also both careless and lazy, and disliked taking the trouble to put a bowl of milk in the same place every night for Mr. Nobody. "She didn't believe in Brownies," she said; "she had never seen one, and seeing's believing." So she laughed at the other servants, who looked very grave, and put a bowl of milk in its place as often as they could, without saying much about it.

But once, when Brownie woke up, at his usual hour for rising — ten o'clock at night, — and looked round in search of his supper — which was, in fact,

his breakfast — he found nothing there. At first he could not imagine such neglect, and went smelling and smelling about for his bowl of milk — it was not always placed in the same corner now — but in vain.

"This will never do," said he; and, being extremely hungry, began running about the coal cellar to see what he could find. His eyes were as useful in the dark as in the light — like pussy-cats'; but there was nothing to be seen — not even a potato paring, or a dry crust, or a well-gnawed bone, such as Tiny the terrier sometimes brought into the coal cellar and left on the floor — nothing, in short, but heaps of coals and coal dust; and even a Brownie cannot eat that, you know.

"Can't stand this; quite impossible!" said the Brownie, tightening his belt to make his poor little inside feel less empty. He had been asleep so long — about a week, I believe, as was his habit when there was nothing to do — that he seemed ready to eat his own head, or his boots, or anything. "What's to be done? Since nobody brings my supper, I must go and fetch it."

He spoke quickly, for he always thought quickly, and made up his mind in a minute. To be sure it was a very little mind, like his little body; but he did the best he could with it, and was not a bad sort of old fellow, after all. In the house he had never done

any harm and often some good, for he frightened away all the rats, mice, and black beetles. Not the crickets — he liked them, as the old cook had done; she said they were such cheerful creatures, and always brought luck to the house. But the young cook could not bear them, and used to pour boiling water down their holes, and set basins of beer for them with little wooden bridges up to the rim, that they might walk up, tumble in, and be drowned.

So there was not even a cricket singing in the silent house when Brownie put his head out of his coal cellar door which, to his surprise, he found open. Old cook used to lock it every night, but the young cook had left that key, and the kitchen and pantry keys too, all dangling in the lock, so that any thief might have got in and wandered all over the house without being found out.

"Hurrah, here's luck!" cried Brownie, tossing his cap up in the air, and bounding right through the scullery into the kitchen. It was quite empty, but there was a good fire burning itself out — just for its own amusement — and the remains of a capital supper spread on the table, quite enough for half a dozen people being left still.

Would you like to know what there was? Devonshire cream, of course, and a part of a large dish of junket, which is something like curds and whey;

lots of bread-and-butter and cheese, and half an apple pudding; also a great jug of cider and another of milk, and several half-full glasses, and no end of dirty plates, knives, and forks. All were scattered about the table in the most untidy fashion, just as the servants had risen from their supper without thinking to put anything away.

Brownie screwed up his little old face and turned up his button of a nose, and gave a long whistle. You might not believe it, seeing he lived in a coal cellar, but really he liked tidiness, and always played his pranks upon disorderly or slovenly people.

"Whew!" said he, "here's a chance! What a supper I'll get now!"

And he jumped on a chair and thence to the table, but so quietly that the large black cat with four white paws, called Muff, because she was so fat and soft and her fur so long, who sat dozing in front of the fire, just opened one eye and went to sleep again. She had tried to get her nose into the milk jug, but it was too small; and the junket dish was too deep for her to reach except with one paw. She didn't care much for bread and cheese and apple pudding, and was very well fed besides. So after just wandering around the table, she had jumped down from it again and settled herself to sleep on the hearth.

But Brownie had no notion of going to sleep. He wanted his supper, and oh! what a supper he did eat — first one thing and then another, and then trying everything all over again! And oh! what a lot he drank — first milk, and then cider, and then mixed the two together in a way that would have disagreed with anybody except a Brownie. As it was, he was obliged to slacken his belt several times, and at last took it off altogether. But he must have had a most extraordinary capacity for eating and drinking, since, after he had nearly cleared the table, he was just as lively as ever, and began jumping about on the table as if he had had no supper at all.

Now his jumping was a little awkward, for there happened to be a clean white tablecloth; as this was only Monday, it had had no time to get dirty, untidy as the cook was. And you know Brownie lived in a coal cellar, and his feet were black with running about in coal dust. So wherever he trod he left the impression behind, until at last the whole tablecloth was covered with black marks.

Not that he minded this; in fact, he took great pains to make the cloth as dirty as possible; and then laughing loudly, "Ho, ho, ho!" leaped on to the hearth, and began teasing the cat; squeaking like a mouse, or chirping like a cricket, or buzzing like a fly; and altogether disturbing poor pussy's

mind so much, that she went and hid herself in the farthest corner, and left him the hearth all to himself, where he lay at ease till daybreak.

Then, hearing a slight noise overhead, which might be the servants getting up, he jumped on the table again — gobbled up the few remaining crumbs for his breakfast, and scampered off to his big coal cellar; where he hid himself under his big coal, and fell asleep for the day.

Part II

Well, the cook came downstairs rather earlier than usual, for she remembered she had to clear off the remains of the supper; but lo and behold, there was nothing left to clear! Every bit of food was eaten up — the cheese looked as if a dozen mice had been nibbling at it, and nibbled it down to the very rind; the milk and the cider were all drunk — and mice don't care for milk and cider, you know. As for the apple pudding, it had vanished altogether; and the dish was licked as clean as if Boxer, the yard-dog, had been at it in his hungriest mood.

"And my white tablecloth — oh, my clean white tablecloth! What can have been done to it?" cried she in amazement. For it was all over little black footmarks just the size of a baby's foot — only babies don't wear shoes with nails in them, and don't

run about and climb on kitchen tables after all the family have gone to bed.

Cook was a little frightened; but her fright changed to anger when she saw the large black cat stretched comfortably on the hearth. Poor Muff had crept there for a little snooze after Brownie went away.

"You nasty cat! I see it all now; it's you that have eaten up all the supper; it's you that have been on my clean tablecloth with your dirty paws."

They were white paws and clean as possible; but cook never thought of that, any more than she did of the fact that cats don't usually drink cider or eat apple pudding.

"I'll teach you to come stealing food in this way; take that — and that — and that!"

Cook got hold of a broom and beat poor pussy till the creature ran mewing away. She couldn't speak, you know — unfortunate cat! and tell people that it was Brownie who had done it all.

Next night cook thought she would make all safe and sure; so, instead of letting the cat sleep by the fire, she shut her up in the chilly coal cellar, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and went off to bed — leaving the supper as before.

When Brownie woke up and looked out of his hole, there was, as usual, no supper for him, and the cellar was close shut. He peered about, to try and find

some cranny under the door to creep out at, but there was none. He felt so hungry that he could almost have eaten the cat, who kept walking to and fro in the most melancholy manner — only she was alive, and he couldn't well eat her alive: besides, he knew she was old, and had an idea she might be tough; so he merely said, politely, "How do you do, Mrs. Pussy?" to which she answered nothing—of course.

Something must be done, and luckily Brownies can do things which nobody else can do. So he thought he would change himself into a mouse, and gnaw a hole through the door. But then he suddenly remembered the cat, who, though he decided not to eat her, might take this opportunity of eating him. So he thought it advisable to wait till she was fast asleep, which did not happen for a good while. At length, quite tired with walking about, Pussy turned round on her tail six times, curled down in a corner, and fell fast asleep.

Immediately Brownie changed himself into the smallest mouse possible; and, taking care not to make the least noise, gnawed a hole in the door, and squeezed himself through, immediately turning into his proper shape again, for fear of accidents.

The kitchen fire was at its last glimmer; but it showed a better supper than even the night before, for the cook had had friends with her — a brother

and two cousins — and they had been exceedingly merry. The food they had left behind was enough for three Brownies at least, but this one managed to eat it all up. Only once, in trying to cut a great slice of beef, he let the carving knife and fork fall with such a clatter, that Tiny the terrier, who was tied up at the foot of the stairs, began to bark furiously. However, he brought her her puppy, which had been left in a basket in a corner of the kitchen, and so succeeded in quieting her.

After that time he enjoyed himself amazingly, and made more marks than ever on the white tablecloth ; for he began jumping about like a pea on a trencher, in order to make his particularly large supper agree with him.

Then, in the absence of the cat, he teased the puppy for an hour or two till, hearing the clock strike five, he thought it as well to turn into a mouse again, and creep back cautiously into his cellar. He was only just in time, for Muff opened one eye, and was just going to pounce upon him, when he changed himself back into a Brownie. She was so startled that she bounded away, her tail growing into twice its natural size, and her eyes gleaming like round green globes. But Brownie only said, "Ha, ha, ho!" and walked deliberately into his hole.

When cook came downstairs and saw that the

same thing had happened again — that the supper was all eaten, and the tablecloth blacker than ever with the extraordinary footmarks — she was greatly puzzled. Who could have done it all? Not the cat who came mewing out of the coal cellar the minute she unlocked the door. Possibly a rat — but then would a rat have come within reach of Tiny?

"It must have been Tiny herself, or her puppy," which just came rolling out of its basket over cook's feet. "You little wretch! You and your mother are the greatest nuisance imaginable. I'll punish you!"

And, quite forgetting that Tiny had been safely tied up all night, and that her poor little puppy was so fat and helpless it could scarcely stand on its legs, to say nothing of jumping on chairs and tables, she gave them both such a thrashing that they ran howling together out of the kitchen door, where the kind little kitchen maid took them up in her arms.

"You ought to have beaten the Brownie, if you could catch him," said she in a whisper. "He'll do it again and again, you'll see, for he can't bear an untidy kitchen. You'd better do as poor old cook did, and clean the supper things away, and put the odds and ends safe in the larder, also," she added mysteriously. "If I were you, I'd put a bowl of milk behind the coal cellar door."

"Nonsense!" answered the young cook, and

flounced away. But afterward she thought better of it, and did as she was advised, grumbling all the time, but doing it.

Next morning the milk was gone! Perhaps Brownie had drunk it up; anyhow, nobody could say that he hadn't. As for the supper, cook having safely laid it on the shelves of the larder, nobody touched it. And as for the tablecloth, which was wrapped up tidily and put in the dresser drawer, it came out as clean as ever, with not a single black footmark upon it. No mischief being done, the cat and the dog both escaped beating, and Brownie played no more tricks with anybody — till the next time.

THE USE OF FLOWERS

MARY HOWITT

GOD might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all;
We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night?
Springing in valleys green and low
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no one passes by.

Our outward life requires them not, —
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To comfort man — to whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

THE WAY FOR BILLY AND ME

JAMES HOGG

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — This delightful poem was written by James Hogg, known as the "Ettrick Shepherd." He was born in Scotland in 1772.

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow lies the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
Through the meadow, along the hay;
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

CHARLES MACKAY

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Charles Mackay, born in Scotland in 1814, was best known as a writer of songs. He wrote a great deal, and you will often see his poems in print, though no collection of them is to be had. For many years he was a leading newspaper editor and correspondent.

THERE dwelt a miller hale and bold
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn to night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody; no, not I,
And nobody envies me!"

"Thou'rt wrong, my friend," said old King Hal,
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee.
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"

The miller smiled, and doffed his cap.
"I can earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay,
I thank the river Dee
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
To feed my babes and me."

"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell! and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee.
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER

JOHN RUSKIN

NOTE TO THE PUPIL. — Perhaps there is nothing else written by John Ruskin that you will care to read now, but later in life you will enjoy "Sesame and Lilies," "The Crown of Wild Olive," and others of his works. Ruskin was born in England in 1819. He was noted as an art critic.

IN a remote and mountainous part of Stiria there was, in old time, a valley of the most surprising and luxuriant fertility. It was surrounded on

all sides by steep and rocky mountains, with peaks which were always covered with snow, and from which a number of torrents descended in constant cataracts. One of these fell to the westward, over the face of a crag so high, that when everything else was in darkness the sun still shone upon the waterfall, making it look like a shower of gold. For this reason the people in the neighborhood called it the Golden River.

It was strange that none of these streams fell into the valley itself. They all descended on the other side of the mountains, and wound their way through broad plains and by populous cities. But the clouds were drawn so constantly to the snowy hills, and rested so softly in the circular hollow, that in time of drought and heat, when all the country round was parched, there was still rain in the little valley; and its crops were so heavy, and its grass so tall, and its apples so red, and its grapes so blue, and its wine so rich, and its honey so sweet, that it was a marvel to every one who beheld it, and it was commonly called the Treasure Valley.

The whole of this little valley belonged to three brothers, called Schwartz, Hans, and Gluck. Schwartz and Hans, the two elder brothers, were very ugly men, with overhanging eyebrows and small, dull eyes, which were always half shut so

that you could not see into *them*, and always fancied they saw very far into *you*.

They lived by farming in the Treasure Valley, and very good farmers they were. They killed everything that did not pay for its eating. They shot the blackbirds, because they pecked the fruit, and killed the hedgehogs, lest they should suck the cows; they poisoned the crickets for eating the crumbs in the kitchen, and smothered the cicadas, which used to sing all summer in the lime trees.

They worked their servants without any wages, till they would not work any more, and then quarreled with them, and turned them out of doors without paying them. It would have been very odd if, with such a farm, and such a system of farming, they did not become rich, and very rich they did become. They generally managed to keep their corn till it was very dear, and then sell it for twice its value.

They had heaps of gold lying about on their floors, yet they were never known to give as much as a penny, or even a crust in charity; they never went to mass; they grumbled at paying tithes; and were, in a word, of so cruel and grinding a temper, as to receive from all those who had any dealings with them, the nickname of the "Black Brothers."

The youngest brother, Gluck, was as completely unlike Schwartz and Hans, both in appearance and

character, as could possibly be imagined. He was not more than twelve years old, fair, blue-eyed, and kind to every living thing. He did not, of course, agree very well with his brothers, or rather they did not agree with him. He was usually appointed to the office of turnspit, when there was anything to roast, which was not often; for, to do the brothers justice, they were hardly less sparing upon themselves than upon other people. At other times Gluck used to clean the shoes, floors, and sometimes the plates, occasionally getting what was left on them, by way of encouragement, and a wholesale quantity of blows, by way of education.

Things went on in this manner for a long time. At last there came a very wet summer, and everything went wrong in the country around. The hay had hardly been gathered when the haystacks were floated bodily down to the sea by a flood; the vines were cut to pieces with hail; the corn was all spoiled with a blight; but in the Treasure Valley, as usual, everything prospered. As the Valley had rain when there was drought elsewhere, so now it had sun when there was no sun in any other part of the country. Everybody came to the Treasure Valley to buy corn, and went away pouring maledictions on the Black Brothers, who asked what they chose and got it, except from the poor people, who could not

pay, who could only beg. Several of these starved at the very door of the Black Brothers, without their taking the least notice of them.

Winter was near at hand, and one very cold day the two elder brothers went out, warning Gluck, as usual, that he was to let nobody in, and give nothing out. Gluck, who had been left to mind the roast, sat close to the fire, for it was raining very hard, and the kitchen walls were neither dry nor comfortable looking. He turned and turned the roast till it was nice and brown. "What a pity," thought Gluck, "my brothers never ask anybody to dinner. I'm sure, when they've got such a nice piece of mutton as this, and nobody else has got so much as a piece of dry bread, it would do their hearts good to have somebody to eat it with them."

Just as he spoke, there came a double knock at the house door, yet heavy and dull as though the knocker had been tied up — more like a puff than a knock.

"It must be the wind," said Gluck; "nobody else would venture to knock double knocks at our door."

No; it wasn't the wind: there it came again very hard, and what was very astonishing, the knocker seemed to be in a hurry, and to not be in the least afraid of the consequences. Gluck went to the window, opened it, and put out his head to see who it was.

It was the most extraordinary looking little gentleman he had ever seen in his life. He had a very large nose, slightly brass-colored; his cheeks were very round, and very red, and might have warranted the supposition that he had been blowing a fire for the last eight-and-forty hours; his eyes twinkled merrily through long silky eyelashes, his mustaches curled twice round like a corkscrew on each side of his mouth, and his hair, a curious mixed pepper and salt color, descended far over his shoulders. He was about four feet six in height, and wore a conical pointed cap of nearly the same height, decorated with a black feather some three feet long. His doublet was prolonged behind into something resembling a violent exaggeration of what is now termed a "swallow tail," but was nearly covered by the folds of an enormous black, glossy-looking cloak, which must have been very much too long in calm weather, as the wind whistling round the old house carried it clear out from the wearer's shoulders to about four times his own length.

Gluck was so perfectly paralyzed by the singular appearance of his visitor, that he remained fixed without uttering a word, until the old gentleman, having performed another, and more energetic concerto on the knocker, turned round to look after his fly-away cloak. In so doing he caught sight of

Gluck's little yellow head jammed in the window, with its eyes and mouth very wide open indeed.

"Hollo!" said the little gentleman, "that's not the way to answer the door; I'm wet, let me in."

To do the little gentleman justice he *was* wet. His feather hung down between his legs like a beaten puppy's tail, dripping like an umbrella; and from the ends of his mustaches the water was running into his waistcoat pockets, and out again like a mill stream.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck. "I'm very sorry, but I really can't."

"Can't what!" said the old gentleman.

"I can't let you in, sir, — I can't, indeed; my brothers would beat me to death, sir, if I thought of such a thing. What do you want, sir?"

"Want?" said the old gentleman, petulantly. "I want fire and shelter; and there's your great fire blazing, crackling, and dancing on the walls, with nobody to feel it. Let me in, I say; I only want to warm myself."

By this time Gluck had had his head so long out of the window, that he began to feel unpleasantly cold, and when he turned and saw the beautiful fire rustling and roaring, and throwing long bright tongues up the chimney, as if it were licking its chops at the savory smell of the leg of mutton, his heart melted

within him that it should be burning away for nothing. "He does look *very* wet," said little Gluck; "I'll just let him in for a quarter of an hour." Round he went to the door and opened it; and as the little gentleman walked in, there came a gust of wind through the house, that made the old chimneys totter.

"That's a good boy," said the little gentleman. "Never mind your brothers. I'll talk to them."

"Pray, sir, don't do any such thing," said Gluck. "I can't let you stay till they come; they'd be the death of me."

"Dear me," said the old gentleman, "I'm very sorry to hear that. How long may I stay?"

"Only till the mutton's done, sir," replied Gluck, "and it's very brown."

Then the old gentleman walked into the kitchen, and sat himself down on the hob, with the top of his cap sticking up the chimney, for it was a great deal too high for the room.

"You'll soon dry there, sir," said Gluck, and sat down again to turn the mutton. But the old gentleman did not dry there, but went on drip, drip, dripping among the cinders, and the fire fizzed and sputtered, and began to look very black and uncomfortable; never was such a cloak; every fold in it ran like a gutter.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Gluck at length, after watching the water spreading in long silverlike streams over the floor for a quarter of an hour; "mayn't I take your cloak?"

"No, thank you," said the old gentleman.

"Your cap, sir?"

"I am all right, thank you," said the old gentleman, rather gruffly.

"But, — sir, — I'm very sorry," said Gluck, hesitatingly; "but — really, sir, — you're — putting the fire out."

"It'll take longer to do the mutton, then," replied his visitor, dryly.

Gluck was very much puzzled by the behavior of his guest; it was such a strange mixture of coolness and humility. He turned away at the spit meditatively for another five minutes.

"That mutton looks very nice," said the old gentleman at length. "Can't you give me a little bit?"

"Impossible, sir," said Gluck.

"I'm very hungry," continued the old gentleman; "I've had nothing to eat yesterday, nor to-day. They surely couldn't miss a bit from the knuckle!"

He spoke in so very melancholy a tone, that it quite melted Gluck's heart. "They promised me one slice to-day, sir," said he; "I can give you that, but not a bit more."

"That's a good boy," said the old gentleman again.

Then Gluck warmed a plate, and sharpened a knife. "I don't care if I do get beaten for it," thought he. Just as he had cut a large slice out of the mutton, there came a tremendous rap at the door. The old gentleman jumped off the hob, as if it had suddenly become inconveniently warm. Gluck lifted the slice into the dish of mutton again, with a desperate effort at exactitude, and ran to open the door.

"What did you keep us waiting in the rain for?" said Schwartz, as he walked in, throwing his umbrella in Gluck's face. "Aye! what for, indeed, you little vagabond?" said Hans, administering an educational box on the ear, as he followed his brother into the kitchen.

"Bless my soul!" said Schwartz, when he opened the door.

"Amen," said the little gentleman, who had taken his cap off, and was standing in the middle of the kitchen, bowing with the utmost possible velocity.

"Who's that?" said Schwartz, catching up a rolling pin, and turning to Gluck with a fierce frown.

"I don't know, indeed, brother," said Gluck in great terror.

"How did he get in?" roared Schwartz.

"My dear brother," said Gluck, "he was so very wet!"

The rolling pin was descending on Gluck's head; but, at the instant, the old gentleman put out his conical cap, on which it struck with a shock that shook the water out of it all over the room. What was very odd, the rolling pin no sooner touched the cap, than it flew out of Schwartz's hand, spinning like a straw in a high wind, and fell into the corner at the further end of the room.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Schwartz, turning upon him.

"What's your business?" snarled Hans.

"I'm a poor old man, sir," the little gentleman began very modestly, "and I saw your fire through the window, and begged for shelter for a quarter of an hour."

"Have the goodness to walk out again, then," said Schwartz. "We've quite enough water in our kitchen, without making it a drying house."

"It is a cold day to turn an old man out in, sir; look at my gray hairs." They hung down to his shoulders, as I told you before.

"Aye!" said Hans, "there are enough of them to keep you warm. Walk!"

"I'm very, very hungry, sir; couldn't you spare me a bit of bread before I go?"

"Bread, indeed!" said Schwartz; "do you suppose we've nothing to do with our bread but to give it to such red-nosed fellows as you?"

"Why don't you sell your feather?" said Hans, sneeringly. "Out with you!"

"A little bit," said the old gentleman.

"Be off!" said Schwartz.

"Pray, gentlemen —"

"Off, and be hanged!" said Hans, seizing him by the collar. But he had no sooner touched the old gentleman, than away he went after the rolling pin, spinning round, and round, till he fell in the corner on top of it. Then Schwartz was very angry, and ran at the old gentleman to turn him out; but he, also, had hardly touched him, when away he went after Hans and the rolling pin, and hit his head against the wall as he tumbled into the corner. And so there they lay, all three.

Then the old gentleman spun himself round and round in the opposite direction. He continued to spin until his cloak was all wound neatly about him. He clapped his cap on his head, very much on one side, for it could not stand upright without hitting the ceiling, gave an additional twist to his corkscrew mustaches, and replied with perfect coolness: "Gentlemen, I wish you a very good morning. At twelve o'clock to-night I'll call again; after such

a refusal of hospitality as I have just experienced, you will not be surprised if that is the last visit I ever pay you."

"If I ever catch you here again," muttered Schwartz, coming, half frightened, out of the corner — but, before he could finish his sentence, the old gentleman had shut the house door behind him with a great bang: and there drove past the window, at the same instant, a wreath of ragged cloud, that whirled and rolled away down the valley in all manner of shapes; turning over and over in the air, and melting away at last in a gush of rain.

"A very pretty business, indeed, Mr. Gluck!" said Schwartz. "Dish the mutton, sir. If ever I catch you at such a trick again — bless me, why, the mutton's been cut!"

"You promised me one slice, brother, you know," said Gluck.

"Oh! and you were cutting it hot, I suppose, and going to catch all the gravy. It'll be long before I promise you such a thing again. Leave the room, sir; and have the kindness to wait in the coal cellar till I call you."

Gluck left the room melancholy enough. The brothers ate as much mutton as they could, locked the rest in the cupboard, and proceeded to get very drunk after dinner.

Such a night as it was! Howling wind and rushing rain, without intermission. The brothers had just sense enough left to put up all the shutters, and double bar the door, before they went to bed. They usually slept in the same room. As the clock struck twelve, they were both awakened by a tremendous crash. Their door was burst open with a violence that shook the house from top to bottom.

"What's that?" cried Schwartz, starting up in his bed.

"Only I," said the little gentleman.

The two brothers sat up on their bolster, and stared into the darkness. The room was full of water, and by a misty moonbeam, which found its way through a hole in the shutter, they could see in the midst of it an enormous foam globe, spinning round, and bobbing up and down like a cork, on which, as on a most luxurious cushion, reclined the little old gentleman, cap and all. There was plenty of room for it now, for the roof was all off.

"Sorry to incommode you," said their visitor, ironically. "I'm afraid your beds are dampish; perhaps you had better go to your brother's room: I've left the ceiling on there."

They rushed into Gluck's room, wet through, and in an agony of terror.

"You'll find my card on the kitchen table," the

old gentleman called after them. "Remember! — the last visit."

"Pray Heaven it may be!" said Schwartz, shuddering. And the foam globe disappeared.

Dawn came at last, and the two brothers looked out of Gluck's little window in the morning. The Treasure Valley was one mass of ruin and desolation. The flood had swept away trees, crops, and cattle, and left in their stead, a waste of red sand and gray mud. The two brothers crept shivering and horror-struck into the kitchen. The water had destroyed the whole first floor; corn, money, almost every movable thing had been swept away, and there was left only a small white card on the kitchen table. On it, in large, breezy, long-legged letters, were engraved the words: —

SOUTHWEST WIND, ESQUIRE.

Chapter Two

Southwest Wind, Esquire, was as good as his word. After the momentous visit just related, he entered the Treasure Valley no more; and, what was worse, he had so much influence with his relations, the West Winds in general, and used it so effectually, that they all adopted the same line of conduct. So no rain fell in the valley from one

year's end to another. Though everything remained green and flourishing in the plains below, the inheritance of the Three Brothers was a desert. What had once been the richest soil in the kingdom, became a shifting heap of red sand; and the brothers, unable longer to contend with adverse skies, left their home in despair, to try to gain a living among the people of the plains. All their money was gone, and they had nothing left but some curious old-fashioned pieces of gold plate, the last remnants of their ill-gotten wealth.

"Suppose we turn goldsmiths?" said Schwartz to Hans, as they entered a large city. "It is a good knave's trade; we can put a great deal of copper into the gold, without any one's finding it out."

They agreed that the idea was a good one, so they hired a furnace and turned goldsmiths. But they did not prosper, for people did not like the coppered gold, and whenever they sold anything the two elder brothers left Gluck to mind the furnace while they went and spent the money for drink at the next ale house. They soon melted all their gold save one large drinking mug which an uncle had given to Gluck, and of which he was very fond. He would not have parted with it for the world, though he never drank anything out of it but milk and water.

It was a very odd mug to look at. The handle was formed of two wreaths of flowing golden hair, so finely spun that it looked more like silk than metal, and these wreaths descended into, and mixed with, a beard and whiskers of the same exquisite workmanship, which surrounded and decorated a very fierce little face, of the reddest gold imaginable, right in the front of the mug, with a pair of eyes in it which seemed to command its whole circumference. It was impossible to drink out of the mug without being subjected to an intense gaze out of the side of these eyes; and Schwartz insisted that once, after emptying it, full of Rhenish, seventeen times, he had seen them wink.

When it became the mug's turn to be made into spoons, it half broke poor little Gluck's heart; but his brothers only laughed at him and tossed the mug into the melting pot, and staggered out to the ale house, leaving him, as usual, to pour the gold into bars, when it was all ready.

When they were gone, Gluck took a farewell look at his old friend in the melting pot. The flowing hair was all gone; nothing remained but the red nose, and the sparkling eyes, which looked more malicious than ever. "And no wonder," thought Gluck, "after being treated in that way." He went sadly toward the window, and sat down to breathe

the fresh evening air, and escape the hot breath of the furnace.

The window commanded a direct view of the range of mountains, which, as I told you before, overhung the Treasure Valley, and particularly the peak from which the Golden River fell. It was just at the close of the day, and, when Gluck sat down at the window, he saw the rocks of the mountain tops, all crimson and purple with the sunset; and there were bright tongues of fiery cloud burning and quivering about them; and the river, brighter than all, fell in a waving column of pure gold, from precipice to precipice, with a double arch of a broad purple rainbow stretched across it, flushing and fading alternately in the wreaths of spray.

"Ah!" said Gluck aloud, after he had looked at it for a while, "if that river were really all gold, what a nice thing it would be."

"No, it wouldn't, Gluck," said a clear metallic voice, close at his ear.

"Bless me, what's that?" exclaimed Gluck, jumping up. There was nobody there. He looked round the room, and under the table, and a great many times behind him, but there was certainly nobody there, and he sat down again at the window. This time he didn't speak, but he couldn't help thinking

again that it would be very nice if the river were really all gold.

"Not at all, my boy," said the same voice, louder than before.

"Bless me!" said Gluck again, "what *is* that?" He looked again into all the corners and cupboards, and then began turning round and round as fast as he could in the middle of the room, thinking there was somebody behind him, when the same voice struck again on his ear. It was singing now very merrily, "Lala-lira-la;" no words, only a soft running bubbling melody, something like that of a kettle boiling.

Gluck looked out of the window. No, it was certainly in the house. Upstairs, and downstairs. No, it was certainly in that very room, coming in quicker time and clearer notes every moment. "Lala-lira-la." All at once it struck Gluck that it sounded louder near the furnace. He ran to the opening and looked in; yes, he saw right, it seemed to be coming, not only out of the furnace, but out of the pot. He stood in the farthest corner of the room, with his hands up and his mouth open, for a minute or two, when the singing stopped, and the voice became clear and positive.

"Hollo!" said the voice.

Gluck made no answer.

"Hollo! Gluck, my boy," said the pot again.

Gluck summoned all his energies, walked straight up to the crucible, drew it out of the furnace, and looked in. The gold was all melted, and its surface as smooth and polished as a river; but instead of reflecting little Gluck's head, as he looked in, he saw, meeting his glance from beneath the gold, the red nose and sharp eyes of his old friend of the mug, a thousand times redder and sharper than ever he had seen them in his life.

"Come, Gluck, my boy," said the voice in the pot again, "I'm all right; pour me out." But Gluck was too much astonished to do anything of the kind.

"Pour me out, I say," said the voice, rather gruffly.

Still Gluck couldn't move.

"*Will* you pour me out?" said the voice, passionately. "I'm too hot."

By a violent effort, Gluck recovered the use of his limbs, took hold of the crucible and sloped it so as to pour out the gold. But, instead of a liquid stream, there came out first, a pair of pretty little yellow legs, then some coat tails, then a pair of arms stuck a-kimbo, and finally the well-known head of his friend of the mug; all of which articles, uniting as they rolled out, stood up energetically on the floor,

in the shape of a little golden dwarf, about a foot and a half high.

"That's right!" said the dwarf, stretching out first his legs and then his arms, and then shaking his head up and down, and as far round as it would go, for five minutes without stopping, seeming to try if he were put together aright. Gluck looked at him in speechless amazement. The dwarf was dressed in a slashed doublet of spun gold, so fine in its texture, that the prismatic colors gleamed over its surface as if it were mother of pearl; and over this doublet his hair and beard fell half way to the ground in waving curls, so delicate that Gluck could hardly tell where they ended; they seemed to melt into the air. The features of the face, however, were not so delicate, but rather coarse, the complexion was coppery, and the expression indicated an obstinate and ungovernable disposition. When the dwarf finished examining himself, he turned his small sharp eyes full on Gluck, and stared at him for a minute or two. "No, it wouldn't, Gluck, my boy," said the little man.

This was certainly a very abrupt way to begin a conversation. It might be supposed to refer to Gluck's thoughts. However that may have been, Gluck had no disposition to dispute him.

"Wouldn't it, sir?" said Gluck, very mildly.

"No," said the dwarf, positively, "no, it wouldn't," and with that he pulled his cap down over his eyes, and took two turns of three feet each, up and down the room, lifting his legs very high, and setting his feet down very hard. This gave Gluck time to collect his thoughts a little, and, seeing no great reason to view his little visitor with dread, his curiosity overcame his surprise, and he ventured to ask a strange question.

"Pray, sir," said Gluck, with hesitation, "were you in my mug?"

On which the little man turned sharp around, walked straight up to Gluck, and drew himself up to his full height. "I," said the little man, "am the King of the Golden River." Then he took two more turns of about six feet each to allow time for Gluck to recover from the consternation which he supposed this announcement would cause.

Gluck determined to say something, at all events. "I hope your Majesty is well," said Gluck.

"Listen!" said the little man, deigning no reply to Gluck. "I am the King of what you mortals call the Golden River. The shape you saw me in was owing to the malice of a stronger king, from whose enchantments you have freed me. What I have seen of you, and your conduct to your wicked brothers, renders me willing to serve you: therefore

attend to what I tell you. Whoever shall climb to the top of that mountain from which you see the Golden River issue, and shall cast into the stream at its source three drops of holy water, for him, and for him only, the river shall turn to gold. But no one failing in his first, can succeed in a second attempt; and if any one shall cast unholy water into the river, it will overwhelm him, and he will become a black stone."

So saying, the King of the Golden River turned away and deliberately walked into the center of the hottest flame of the furnace. His figure became red, white, transparent, dazzling, — a blaze of intense light, — rose, trembled, and disappeared. The King of the Golden River had evaporated.

"Oh!" cried poor Gluck, running to look up the chimney after him. "Oh, dear, dear, dear me! My mug! my mug! my mug!"

Chapter Three

The King of the Golden River had hardly made his extraordinary exit before Hans and Schwartz came roaring into the house, very savagely drunk. The discovery of the total loss of their last piece of plate had the effect of sobering them just enough to enable them to stand over Gluck, beating him

steadily for a quarter of an hour; at the end of this time they dropped into their chairs and asked Gluck to tell what he had to say for himself. Gluck told them the story, of which they, of course, did not believe a word. They beat him again till they were tired, and then staggered to bed.

In the morning, however, as Gluck still adhered to his story, they began to believe in it, and to wrangle over the question as to who should first try his fortune. Finally they drew their swords and began fighting. The noise alarmed the neighbors, who tried to stop them, but not being able to do so, they sent for the constable.

Hans, on hearing this, contrived to escape, and hid himself; but Schwartz was taken before a magistrate and fined for breaking the peace. Having spent his last penny, he was unable to pay his fine and so was thrown into prison.

When Hans heard this he was much delighted, and determined to set out immediately for the Golden River. How to get the holy water was the question. He went to the priest, but the priest could not give any holy water to so abandoned a character. So Hans went to vespers in the evening for the first time in his life, and, under the pretense of crossing himself, stole a cupful, and returned home in triumph.

Next morning he got up before the sun rose, put the holy water into a strong flask, and two bottles of wine and some meat in a basket, slung them over his back, took his alpine staff in his hand, and set off for the mountains.

On his way out of the town he had to pass the prison, and as he looked in at the windows, whom should he see but Schwartz himself, peeping out of the bars and looking very disconsolate.

"Good morning, brother," said Hans, "have you any message for the King of the Golden River?"

Schwartz gnashed his teeth with rage, and shook the bars with all his might; but Hans only laughed at him, and advised him to make himself comfortable till he came back again, and shouldering his basket, he shook the bottle of holy water in Schwartz's face and marched off in the highest spirits.

It was, indeed, a morning that might have made any one happy, even with no Golden River to seek for. Level lines of dewy mist lay stretched along the valley, out of which rose the massy mountains — their lower cliffs in the pale gray shadow, hardly to be told from the floating vapor, but gradually ascending till they caught the sunlight, which ran in sharp touches of ruddy color along the sharp crags, and pierced, in long level rays, through their fringes of spearlike pine.

Far above shot up red splintered masses of castle-like rock, which was jagged and broken into many fantastic forms, with here and there a streak of sunlit snow, traced down their chasms like a line of forked lightning; and, far beyond, and far above all these, fainter than the morning cloud, but purer and changeless, slept, in the blue sky, the utmost peaks of the eternal snow.

The Golden River, which sprang from one of the lower and snowless elevations, was now nearly in shadow; all but the uppermost jets of spray, which rose like slow smoke above the undulating line of the cataract, and floated away in feeble wreaths upon the morning wind.

On this object, and on this alone, Hans' eyes and thoughts were fixed; forgetting the distance he had to go, he set off at a very fast walk, which tired him before he had reached the top of the first range of the green and low hills. He was, moreover, surprised on reaching the summit to find that there was a large glacier between him and the source of the Golden River. He entered on it with the boldness of a practiced mountaineer, yet he thought he had never crossed so strange or dangerous a glacier in his life. The ice was so very slippery, and out of all its chasms came the sound of gushing water, not soft and low, but rough and loud, with sounds of wild

melody, then melancholy tones or sudden shrieks like those of human voices in distress or pain.

The ice was broken into thousands of confused shapes, but none, Hans thought, like the ordinary forms of splintered ice. There seemed a curious expression about all their outlines — a perpetual resemblance to living features, distorted and scornful. Myriads of deceitful shadows and lurid lights played and floated about and through the pale blue pinnacles, dazzling and confusing the sight of the traveler; while his ears grew dull and his head giddy with the constant gush and roar of the congealed waters.

These painful circumstances increased upon him as he advanced; the ice crashed and yawned into fresh chasms at his feet; tottering spires nodded around him, and fell thundering across his path; and though he had repeatedly faced these dangers on the most terrific glaciers, and in the wildest weather, it was with a new and oppressive feeling of panic terror that he leaped the last chasm, and flung himself, exhausted and shuddering, on the firm turf of the mountain.

He had been compelled to abandon his basket of food, which became a dangerous burden on the glacier, and now had no means of refreshing himself but by breaking off pieces of the ice and eating it. This

relieved his thirst, and an hour's rest gave him new strength, and his greedy spirit caused him to renew his journey.

His way now lay straight up a ridge of bare red rocks, without a blade of grass to ease the foot, or any shade from the sun. It was past noon, and the rays beat intensely upon the steep path, while the whole atmosphere was motionless with heat. Intense thirst soon added to the bodily fatigue with which Hans was afflicted; glance after glance he cast upon the flask of water which hung at his belt. "Three drops are enough," at last thought he; "I may at least cool my lips with it."

He opened the flask, and was raising it to his lips, when his eye fell on an object lying on the rock beside him; he thought it moved. It was a small dog, apparently in the last agony of death from thirst. Its tongue was out, its jaws dry, its limbs extended lifelessly, and a swarm of black ants were crawling about its lips and throat. Its eye moved to the bottle which Hans held in his hand. He raised it, drank, spurned the animal with his foot, and passed on. He did not know how it was, but he thought a strange shadow had suddenly come across the blue sky.

The path became steeper and more rugged every moment; and the high hill air, instead of refreshing

him, seemed to throw his blood into a fever. The noise of the hill cataracts sounded like mockery in his ears; but they were all distant, and his thirst increased every moment.

Another hour passed, and he again looked down to the flask at his side; it was half empty; but there was much more than three drops in it. He stopped to open it, and again as he did so, something moved in the path above him. It was a fair child, stretched nearly lifeless on the rock, its breast heaving with thirst, its eyes closed, its lips parched and burning. Hans eyed it deliberately, drank, and passed on. A dark gray cloud came over the sun, and long snake-like shadows crept up along the mountain sides. Hans struggled on. The sun was sinking, but its descent seemed to bring no coolness; the leaden weight of the dead air pressed upon his brow and heart, but the goal was near. He saw the cataract of the Golden River springing from the hillside, scarce five hundred feet above him. He paused for a moment to breathe, and sprang on to complete his task.

At this instant a faint cry fell on his ear. He turned and saw a gray-haired old man extended on the rocks. His eyes were sunk, his features deadly pale, and gathered into an expression of despair. "Water!" he stretched his arms to Hans, and cried feebly, "water! I am dying."

"I have none," replied Hans; "thou hast had thy share of life." He strode over the prostrate body, and darted on. And a flash of blue lightning rose out of the East, shaped like a sword; it shook thrice over the whole heaven, and left it dark with one heavy, impenetrable shade. The sun was setting; it plunged toward the horizon like a red-hot ball.

The roar of the Golden River rose on Hans' ear. He stood at the brink of the chasm through which it ran. Its waves were filled with the red glory of the sunset; they shook their crests like tongues of fire, and flashes of bloody light gleamed along their foam. Their sound came mightier and mightier on his senses; his brain grew giddy with the prolonged thunder. Shuddering he drew the flask from his girdle, and hurled it into the center of the torrent. As he did so, an icy chill shot through his limbs: he staggered, shrieked, and fell. The waters closed over his cry. And the moaning of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over

THE BLACK STONE.

Chapter Four

Poor little Gluck waited very anxiously alone in the house for Hans' return. Finding he did not come back, he was terribly frightened, and went and

told Schwartz in the prison all that happened. Schwartz was very much pleased, and said that Hans must certainly have been turned into a black stone, and he should have all the gold to himself. But Gluck was very sorry, and cried all night. When he got up in the morning, there was no bread in the house, nor any money; so Gluck went and hired himself to another goldsmith, and he worked so hard and so neatly, and so long every day, that he soon got money enough together to pay his brother's fine, and he went and gave it all to Schwartz who, in this way, got out of prison. Schwartz was quite pleased, and said Gluck should have some of the gold of the river. But Gluck only begged he would go and see what had become of Hans.

When Schwartz heard that Hans had stolen the holy water, he thought to himself that the King of the Golden River might not be pleased with that, so he determined to manage better. He took more of Gluck's money and went to a bad priest who very readily sold him some of the holy water. Schwartz felt sure that this would be all right. He got up in the morning long before sunrise, took some bread and wine in a basket, put his holy water in a flask, and started for the mountains. Like his brother he was much surprised at the sight of the glacier, and had great difficulty in crossing it, even after leaving

his basket behind. The day was cloudless, but not bright; there was a heavy purple haze hanging over the sky, and the hills looked lowering and gloomy. As Schwartz climbed the steep rock path, the thirst came upon him, as it had upon his brother. As he lifted his flask to his lips to drink, he saw the fair child lying near him on the rocks, and it cried to him, and moaned for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and he passed on. As he went he thought the sunbeams grew more dim, and he saw a low bank of black cloud rising out of the West; and, when he had climbed for another hour, thirst overcame him again, and as he went to drink he saw the old man lying before him in the path, and heard him cry out for water. "Water, indeed," said Schwartz; "I haven't half enough for myself," and on he went.

Then again the light seemed to fade from his eyes, and he looked up, and, behold, a mist of the color of blood had come over the sun, and the bank of black cloud had risen very high, and its edges were tossing and tumbling like the waves of an angry sea. They cast long shadows, which flickered over Schwartz's path.

Schwartz climbed for another hour, and again his thirst returned; and as he lifted the flask to his lips, he thought he saw his brother Hans lying exhausted

in the path before him, and, as he gazed, the figure stretched its arms toward him, and cried for water. "Ha, ha," laughed Schwartz, "are you there? remember the prison bars, my boy. Water, indeed! do you suppose I carried it all the way up here for you?" And he strode over the figure; yet, as he passed, he thought he saw a strange expression of mockery about its lips. When he had gone a few yards farther, he looked back; but the figure was not there.

A sudden horror came over Schwartz, he knew not why; but the thirst for gold prevailed over his fear, and he rushed on. The black cloud rose to the zenith, and out of it came bursts of spiry lightning, and waves of darkness seemed to heave and float between their flashes, over the whole heavens. The sky where the sun was setting was all level, and like a lake of blood; a strong wind came out of that sky, tearing its crimson clouds to fragments, and scattering them far into the darkness.

When Schwartz stood by the brink of the Golden River, its waves were black, like thunder clouds, but their foam was like fire; and the roar of the waters below, and the thunder above, met, as he cast the flask into the stream. As he did this, the lightning glared in his eyes, and the earth gave way beneath him, and the waters closed over his cry. The moan-

ing of the river rose wildly into the night, as it gushed over the

TWO BLACK STONES.

Chapter Five

When Gluck found that Schwartz did not come back, he was very sorry, and did not know what to do. He had no money and he was obliged to go and hire himself again to the goldsmith, who worked him very hard, and gave him very little money. After a month or two Gluck grew tired, and made up his mind to go and try his fortune with the Golden River. "The little king looked very kind," thought he. "I don't think he will turn me into a black stone."

So he went to the priest who gave him some holy water as soon as he asked for it. Gluck took some bread in his basket, and the bottle of water, and set off very early for the mountains.

If the glacier had caused his brothers a great deal of fatigue, it was twenty times worse for him, who was neither so strong nor so practiced in mountain climbing. He had several very bad falls, lost his basket and bread, and was very much frightened at the strange sounds under the ice. After he had got over he lay on the grass to rest a long time. He

began to climb the hill just at the hottest part of the day. When he had climbed for an hour he became dreadfully thirsty, and was going to drink like his brothers when he saw an old man coming down the path above him, looking very feeble and leaning on a staff.

"My son," said the old man, "I am faint with thirst; give me some of that water."

Gluck looked at him, and when he saw that he was pale and weary, he gave him the water, but said, "Pray, don't drink it all."

But the old man drank a great deal, and gave back the bottle two thirds empty. He bade him good-speed, and Gluck went on merrily. The path became easier to his feet, a few blades of grass appeared, some grasshoppers began to sing on the bank, and Gluck thought he had never heard such merry singing.

He went on for another hour, and the thirst increased on him so that he thought he should be forced to drink. As he raised the flask he saw a little child panting by the roadside, and it cried out piteously for water. Gluck struggled with himself, and determined to bear the thirst a little longer; and he put the bottle to the child's lips, and it drank all the water save a few drops. Then it smiled on him and got up and ran down the hill, and Gluck looked after it till it became as small as a little star, and

then turned and began climbing again. And then there were all kinds of sweet flowers growing on the rocks, bright green moss with pale pink starry flowers, and soft belled gentians more blue than the sky at its deepest, and pure white transparent lilies. Crimson and purple butterflies darted hither and thither, and the sky sent down such pure light that Gluck had never felt so happy in his life.

Yet when he had climbed for another hour his thirst became intolerable again. When he looked at his bottle he saw there were only five or six drops left in it, and he could not venture to drink. As he was hanging his flask to his belt again, he saw a little dog lying on the rocks gasping for breath — just as Hans had seen it on the day of his ascent. Gluck stopped and looked at it, and then at the Golden River not five hundred yards above him; and he thought of the dwarf's words, "that no one could succeed, except in his first attempt," and he tried to pass the dog; but it whined piteously, and Gluck stopped again.

"Poor beastie," said Gluck; "it'll be dead when I come down again if I don't help it."

Then he looked closer and closer at it, and its eye turned on him so mournfully that he could not stand it.

"Confound the King, and his gold, too!" said

Gluck, and he opened the flask and poured all the water into the dog's mouth.

The dog sprang up and stood on its hind legs. Its tail disappeared, its ears became long, longer, silky, golden; its nose became very red; its eyes became very twinkling; in three seconds the dog was gone, and before Gluck stood his old acquaintance, the King of the Golden River.

"Thank you," said the monarch; "but don't be frightened, it's all right," for Gluck showed manifest symptoms of consternation at this unlooked-for reply to his last observation. "Why didn't you come before," continued the dwarf, "instead of sending me those rascally brothers of yours, for me to have the trouble of turning into stones? Very hard stones they make, too."

"Oh, dear me!" said Gluck. "Have you really been so cruel?"

"Cruel!" said the dwarf. "They poured unholy water into my stream. Do you suppose I am going to allow that?"

"Why," said Gluck, "I am sure, sir, — your Majesty, I mean, — they got the water out of the church font."

"Very likely," replied the dwarf; "but," and his countenance grew stern as he spoke, "the water which has been refused to the cry of the weary and dying

is unholy, though it had been blessed by every saint in heaven; and the water which is found in the vessel of mercy is holy, though it had been defiled with corpses."

So saying, the dwarf stooped and plucked a lily that grew at his feet. On its white leaves there hung three drops of clear dew. The dwarf shook them into the flask which Gluck held in his hand. "Cast these into the river," he said, "and descend on the other side of the mountains into the Treasure Valley. And so good-speed."

As he spoke the figure of the dwarf became indistinct. The playing colors of his robe formed themselves into a prismatic mist of dewy light. He stood for an instant veiled with them as with the belt of a broad rainbow. The colors grew faint, the mist rose in the air; the monarch had evaporated.

Gluck climbed to the brink of the Golden River. Its waves were as clear as crystal and as brilliant as the sun. When he cast the three drops of dew into the stream there opened where they fell a small circular whirlpool, into which the waters descended with a musical noise.

Gluck stood watching it for some time, very much disappointed, because the river was not only not turned into gold, but its waters seemed much diminished in quantity. Yet he obeyed his friend, the

dwarf, and descended the other side of the mountains toward the Treasure Valley, and, as he went, he thought he heard the noise of water working its way underground. When he came in sight of the Treasure Valley, behold, a river, like the Golden River, was springing from a new cleft of the rocks above it, and was flowing in innumerable streams among the dry heaps of sand.

And as Gluck gazed, fresh grass sprang beside the new streams, and creeping plants grew and climbed along the moistening soil. Young flowers opened suddenly along the river sides, as stars leap out when twilight is deepening, and thickets of myrtle and tendrils of vine cast lengthening shadows over the valley as they grew. Thus the Treasure Valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.

Gluck went and dwelt in the valley, and the poor were never driven from his door; his barns became full of corn, and his house full of treasure. For him the river had, according to the promise of the dwarf, become a river of gold.

To this day the inhabitants of the valley point out the place where three drops of holy dew were cast into the stream, and trace the course of the Golden River under the ground until it emerges in the Treasure Valley. At the top of the cataract of the Golden

River are still to be seen Two Black Stones, round which the waters howl mournfully every day at sunset, and these stones are still called by the people of the valley

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

SHADOW-TOWN FERRY

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE

SWAY to and fro in the twilight gray;
This is the ferry to Shadow-town.
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is coming down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so —
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I, in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark
Glitter the lights of the shadow-land!
The winter rains on the window — hark! —
And ripples lapping up its strand.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night!"
We have reached the harbor of Shadow-town.

CRADLE HYMN

ISAAC WATTS

HUSH, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed;
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care, or payment,
All thy wants are well supplied.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay,
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face and sing His praise.

MEMORY GEMS

HAVE you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone —
Pass it on.

Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears —
Pass it on.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; he who plants kindness, gathers love. — BASIL.

Be not simply good; be good for something. — THOREAU.

No one can disgrace us but ourselves. — HOLLAND.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs us nothing. — TILLOTSON.

It requires a good, strong man to say "I was mistaken and I am sorry." A weak man hesitates and often fails to do the right thing. — FRANKLIN.

I hate to see things done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. — GILPIN.

We should ask, not who is most learned, but who is best learned. — LADY MONTAGU.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners. — CHESTERFIELD.

Heaven never helps the man who will not act. — SOPHOCLES.

Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. — GARFIELD.

If we do not plant knowledge when young, it will give us no shade when we are old. — CHESTERFIELD.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them. — MADAME DE STAËL.

Every hour of lost time is a chance of future misfortune. — NAPOLEON.

People do not lack strength; they lack will. — HUGO.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well. — HORACE MANN.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too strong to be broken. — JOHNSON.

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